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SIXPENCE.
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MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AS TRILBY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

“ROMEO AND JULIET,” AT THE LYCEUM.

Rarely is an audience so anxious for success as that which crowded the Lyceum on Saturday. For success would be the sound establishment of one of our ablest and most popular actors as manager, would mean a long run for a lovely play, and prove that Mrs. Patrick Campbell's remarkable gifts have a wide range. Was it a success? The applause of the house seemed to say so, and yet there is some room for doubt. It was clearly proved that Mr. Forbes-Robertson knows how to mount and present a play splendidly without overburdening it. Long ago it was known that he is a delightful Romeo, so the chief question left is concerning the Juliet.

In the acting of Mrs. Campbell many will be disappointed, but few of the judicious surprised. It seemed impossible that the creator of Paula and of “Mad Agnes” could represent completely the gay, girlish victim of love at first sight. That she could use her beautiful voice excellently in verse had been shown by her Rosalind, that she had power for the potion scene



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS JULIET.

FROM A DRAWING BY MISS WINIFRED BROOKE ALDER.

appeared certain; the rest was speculation. The weak spot was discovered where it was expected. The new Juliet is a grave, self-restrained young woman, who asks her many questions as if she were making serious inquiries. Of the lively, coquettish, fanciful child-maiden there was nothing in her. From the moment of her meeting with Romeo, the actress seemed to be oppressed by gloomy forebodings, and never appeared to throw off the feeling. Much of Mrs. Campbell's work was powerful, much beautiful, nothing was jarring or stagey, but she was hardly for a minute the heroine of the exquisite love-tragedy. That we have any actress, save Mrs. Campbell, who could play the part better, I do not say, and, therefore, am the more anxious to show under what misconception she seems to labour.

All will remember how, in “King Arthur,” Mr. Forbes-Robertson gave the idea of one of the Italian knights that Sir Edwin Burne-Jones loves to paint; one had the same thought in his Romeo. Perhaps he, like the actress, seemed a little too serious in his earnestness, gave an intellectual air that clashes with the thought of Rosaline; but apart from this, which is forgotten after the first act, he is a delightful Romeo, is one of the rare male lovers whose charm can be understood by men, and the effect of his beautiful voice in the lovely verse is unforgettable.

As to the rest, I can but briefly express my admiration for Mr. George Warde, Mr. John Willes, and Mr. Ian Robertson, and say a word in qualified praise of Miss Dolores Drummond, Mr. Nutcombe Gould, and Mr. Frank Gilmore. The mounting was really beautiful and wonderful in its discretion. Mr. Edward German's music is so good that one would like to hear it undisturbed by “first night” chatter; the *pacane* certainly was quite charming, and the “dramatic prelude” very powerful and impressive.

“CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!” AT DRURY LANE.

Lady Hilyard sat down at the piano, and, making an effort, sang a stanza of the once popular “Cheer, Boys, Cheer!” Her ward, Blanche Lindesay, her nephew, George Hilyard, and Lord “Archie” Kesteven joined in. Before the second stanza was over, Lady Hilyard broke down and began to cry. A minute later she jumped up and began to shout, “Let's leave this old country, with its shams and hypocrisies, &c.”—a reader can easily imagine the “&c.” when he understands the situation—“and go to my old home, South Africa.” They all agreed to go.

Poor Lady Hilyard had spent a cruel evening. She had sent out shoals of cards for an “At Home,” and, as a result, found a mere handful of men, with lame excuses for the absence of their wives and sisters, and three women, with whom it was hardly respectable to be acquainted. Even the three, when fully alive to the state of affairs, had bolted on flimsy pretexts. The state of affairs was simply this. Blanche had been compromised by a blackguard financier named Fitzdavis; the Marquis of Chepstow had broken off his engagement with her; George Hilyard, who was known to be in love with her, had given a thrashing to Fitzdavis in Hyde Park; and Lady Ughtred Kesteven, from malicious motives, had made the whole story public. Society must have been in an abnormal state to have allowed sense of respectability to conquer curiosity, and keep away; but this was little consolation to Lady Hilyard for being flouted in such a cruel fashion in her own drawing-room.

Poor Blanche was not entirely culpable. She had been weak and reckless, but in no other way wicked. She did not love the elderly millionaire Marquis of Chepstow, to whom she was engaged, but had not the courage to tell him; she did love George, and told him so, but, though not averse of Chepstow's wealth nor ambitious of his title, she felt herself in an *impasse*, and let things drift.

Fitzdavis was an unscrupulous fellow, who got hold of the option for a gold-mine in Matabeleland, and was clever enough to get all the Chepstows, Hilyards, and Kestevens into his net.

Lady Ughtred, finding him utterly vile, employed him in a dangerous scheme. She was anxious to keep Chepstow a bachelor, since her husband was his heir-presumptive—so anxious, that she agreed to give £10,000 to Fitzdavis if he could break off the engagement, and she did not discountenance his idea of getting Blanche for himself. Blanche's fortune of £20,000 in De Beers bearer bonds had been stolen. By pretending that he was in the way of recovering the money, Fitzdavis induced Blanche to visit him secretly at an indiscreet hour, while Lady Ughtred, apparently by accident, brought Chepstow to this trysting-place, and he believed what his eyes told him. A couple of crafty letters written by Fitzdavis completed the disaster, and Blanche's innocent name seemed indelibly tarnished.

Lady Hilyard was a woman with whom speech kept but little ahead of action, and she quickly took all the party with her to Johannesburg, meaning thereby to kill more than one bird, for she felt that there ought to be an independent report on the Fitzdavis Gold-mine—the Havilah—so as not to have “a second edition of the Blunderderry affair”: it is noticeable that this report would be in the nature of “locking the stable-door after.” So George went up to the mine. Blanche, for once, was firm; she loved George honestly, and refused to wed him until it could be shown to the world that her visit to Fitzdavis was innocent, however foolish.

Fortune was not smiling; hardly had George reached the mine when the troubles that led to the Matabele War began, and one day a missionary named Nugent rushed to the mine to announce a massacre of the Mashonas, and warn the miners that, unless they fled or got succour at once, their lives were lost. Treading on his heels came Chepstow, with a few men under him—too few to be an efficient help. The one chance lay in getting to Fort Salisbury unattacked, or joining the reinforcing body that was going to Fort Tully. The missionary, on their urgency, mounted a swift horse, and went to beg the soldiers to march to join the miners; but he was assailed on the way, and only by good fortune reached Lady Hilyard and Blanche, who, in utter ignorance, were on their way to the mine. Blanche heroically mounted horse and rode off to carry out Nugent's mission, but, in the dark, was swept off her steed and arrived late—not quite too late.

Chepstow and George and their little party were surrounded, fought till their powder ran out, then clasped hands, shouted, “God save the Queen!” and fell without flinching. Aid came just in time to save George. Chepstow was wounded to death, but, ere he died, Nugent, in his holy capacity, married him to Blanche, so that, as widow bearing his name and title, she could fairly wed George; and then he passed away like a gallant English gentleman.

The play, written by Sir Augustus Harris and Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, is one of the best of the popular series; indeed, in point of writing, in novelty of incident, life of dialogue, and freshness of humour, it surpasses the others. It is prodigiously long, or was, yet for hour after hour it held the crowded house, which delighted in the polo-ponies, revelled in the dresses, specially invented by Worth, and was keenly thrilled and moved to tears by the powerful, pathetic picture of “The Last Stand.” Of the able company, which did full justice to the piece, I cannot speak in detail; and since I may but mention a few, I will venture to name the Misses Fanny Brough, Eleanor Calhoun, Pattie Browne, and Mrs. Raleigh, and Messrs. Dalton, Giddens, Lionel Rignold, Austin Melford, Revelle, and Tripp Edgar as those who seem to me most worthy.

MONOCLE.



"ROMEO AND JULIET," AT THE LYCEUM.

SKETCHES BY MR. HERBERT RAITON.

MR. RUSSELL AND "CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!"

"Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" is still the breezy, winsome note upon which Mr. Henry Russell orders the plan of his mornings, his afternoons, and his evenings. He will be eighty-four at Christmas, but his heart is as young as ever it was, and the brightness of his outlook upon the world remains undimmed. To say that he does not physically feel the weight of so many years would be to contradict the inevitable; yet he has a



MR. HENRY RUSSELL.

Photo by Barrauld, Oxford Street, W.

health, a vigour, an activity which might make much younger folk quite envious. All this I can set down sincerely (a *Sketch* interviewer writes), because the other afternoon I spent a charming hour in Mr. Russell's company. His book of reminiscences will be out very shortly, and I was anxious to have a word or two with him on the same very interesting text. I found him in the room of his house at Maida Hill which he calls his workshop, for he told that he finds occupation and recreation in dainty cabinet-making. "One must do something, you know," he remarked to me, "and I have always had a taste for this kind of thing." And he held up a miniature cabinet in which a lady might store her hair-pins or bracelets, and always know where to find them.

"I give such trifles to my friends, or towards sales of work and bazaars organised for the poor, or on behalf of other good causes. My workshop keenly interests me, and, as I was saying, it is not good for a man, even if he is within sight of eighty-four, to do nothing."

"You didn't feel equal, with all your energy, though, did you, to going down to that banquet which the Glasgow Society of Musicians wished to entertain you at?"

"Well, after all, I am eighty-four, and eighty-four and a long journey are not the most congenial of neighbours. But I don't mind saying frankly that the invitation from the Glasgow Society of Musicians has greatly gratified me. I should be a strange being if I were not gratified, seeing what a splendid body the society is, and what a weight of musical culture it represents."

"Your popularity, when you were singing your songs, was, I've heard, especially remarkable—if that were possible—in Scotland?"

"Oh, I think the Scottish people liked me very well indeed; but it would be hard to say where simple melodies like 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer!' were not in first favour. We have in recent years been wandering away from the music of the people, the homely melodies which appeal to their hearts, but we'll come back to them. Wagner and the other classical masters; yes, that is very well, but the music for the masses is the music that touches their own daily lives, that gives a voice to their aspirations, that brings light and hope into their existence."

"Probably the note in that direction which you struck in the songs associated with your name had something to do with their success?"

"Something to do with their success! Everything, or almost everything, I should say; at all events, there lay the main secret. It is impossible for you, who are too young to remember it, to fully comprehend the influence exerted in their day by 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer!', 'There's a Good Time Coming,' or 'To the West, to the Land of the Free.'"

"But even an unsentimental historian would probably admit that they were a powerful lever in stimulating people to look for happier homes across the sea?"

"Some sixty years ago, I was a great advocate for emigration. I felt, what use was a man's country to him if it refused to give him bread? 'God Save the King' was all right for the man with a nice house to live in and plenty to eat. But, however good a sentiment in itself, 'God

Save the King' could neither be house nor food nor raiment to the man with a family who lacked all three."

"You, no doubt, talked these matters over with Charles Mackay?"

"Quite so. What a genius Charles Mackay was! What a splendid character! Ah! a man with such gifts, such an attractive personality, is not born every day. He used to give lessons in German, among other things, and, as I was teaching music, we met at the house of a pupil. We were both dreadfully poor, and a guinea to us, for the words and music of a song, was wealth for the time being. There were no restaurants then, only coffee-houses; and we used to meet at one or other of these, and Mackay would dash off the words of a song—the idea, perhaps, suggested by myself—and I would write a melody with equal despatch, and we would be off to a music-publisher's to sell both."

"Disposing of melody and words outright, for what you could get?"

"I fancy that was about it; and I don't know that we, by any means, always got a guinea—half-a-guinea as often, perhaps. I have written in my time the melodies for eight hundred songs, and, in the case of 'The Maniac,' I wrote both words and music."

"Of course, the melodies were everything; and so, didn't you on occasion supply music to words which were already in existence?"

"Oh, now and then, as, for instance, 'The Ivy Green,' which had been written by Dickens. Hogarth, the father-in-law of Dickens, handed me the words of 'The Ivy Green,' with the request that I would set them to music. Eliza Cook wrote the words of 'The Old Arm-chair' for me, and General Morris, of New York, at my suggestion, those of 'Woodman, Spare the Tree.' The words of 'A Life on the Ocean Wave' were also by an American, Epps Sargent, and he dedicated it to Fenimore Cooper, the novelist. I was staying at the time with Sargent at his fine place in New York State, and Fenimore Cooper was also a guest."

"Did not the titling of the songs as you brought them before the world call for a wise appreciation of popular taste?"

"Charles Mackay first named 'Cheer, Boys, Cheer!' 'Cheer, Men, Cheer!'; but I thought there was a want of euphony in that, and proposed the title which is now so familiar. 'The Old Arm-chair,' too, was not the title which Eliza Cook originally intended to give to her words. Secret of my melodies? I'm sure I could not say, but I'll tell you what answer I once got to a very similar question. An eminent portrait-painter was making a drawing of myself, and I exclaimed admiringly, 'How is it that you manage to paint such beautiful portraits?' 'My dear sir,' came the other question, 'how do you manage to write such beautiful melodies?' All I can tell you is that, when I saw the words, the music came."

"No doubt, you had some odd experiences in your concert travels about the country?"

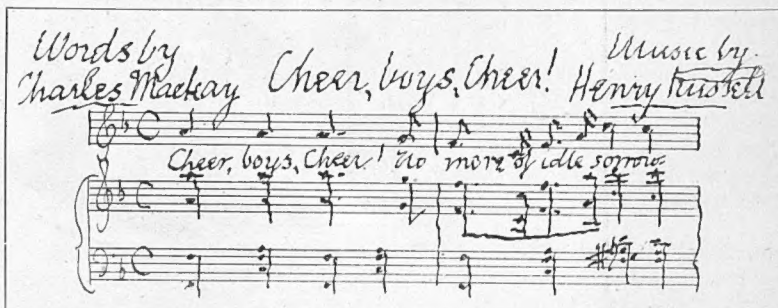
"I'll tell you one incident which occurred at Dublin, that always amuses me when I think of it. Our concert company included Piatti, the violoncellist, Dohlar, the pianist, Fred Lablache and Madame Lablache, and Adelaide Kemble. We had a crowded house at the Theatre Royal, the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Clarendon, and his staff being present."

"A brilliant company, a brilliant house—surely nothing untoward could come out of that?"

"Not exactly—rather, something amusing. Miss Kemble and the Lablaches were very successful with their songs. Piatti was young, and had not altogether the tone he gained by age. As for myself, I was then entirely a stranger to an Irish audience. I sang, first, 'The Ship,' after it, 'The Maniac,' and next, 'The Gambler's Wife,' and my reception is best indicated by the fact that I was recalled five times. The papers next morning praised us individually, but I noticed that at lunch Piatti and Dohlar carefully avoided speaking to me. When they absolutely frowned upon me, I asked them, 'What's the matter, boys?' 'De mettais, eh!' they exclaimed, 'you know well—all right, you know well. You have all de journals on your turn, you do what you like; you keep our names out of de journals, look!'"

"It must have been a lively lunch, that, Mr. Russell?"

"They caught up the morning papers, and shouted 'Look, look, look! Sir Russell all de time. One times, two times, tree times—Russell, Russell, Russell!' I saw at a glance the mistake they had



AUTOGRAPH COPY OF THE OPENING BARS OF "CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!"

made. This was the time, following Sir Robert Peel's action in reference to the Corn Laws, that Lord John Russell came into power. As a consequence, the papers teemed in every sentence with the name of Russell, and Piatti and Dohlar had confused Lord John and my own humble self."

It is well to close an interview with a good story, and I thought this was one; but if you could hear hale, merry-hearted Mr. Henry Russell tell it, you would laugh until your sides ached again, as mine did.



LADY: You naughty boy! where on earth did you learn such language?
BOY: I didn't learn it; it's a gift.

MR. JOHN S. SARGENT, A.R.A.

It is always a pleasant matter to record the conferring of foreign honours upon English painters in these days, when English painting has fallen into considerable disrepute, or, at least, into a time (shall we say?) of yellow leaf. We have one or two left, however, whom foreign countries still seem to delight to honour. Mr. John S. Sargent, A.R.A., has just received the small Gold Medal for Painters in connection with this year's Berlin Art Exhibition; and one is at least well assured of this painter that he has deserved all he has got. Mr. Sargent is one of the few painters who, ever since he astonished us with his "Carnation, Lily; Lily, Rose," purchased for the Chantrey Collection, has never fallen below expectation in the annual exhibitions which the business of painting imposes upon artists; and this year his three great portraits, one of Miss Ada Rehan and two of Mr. Coventry Patmore, have by no means suffered that reputation to be aught but enhanced.

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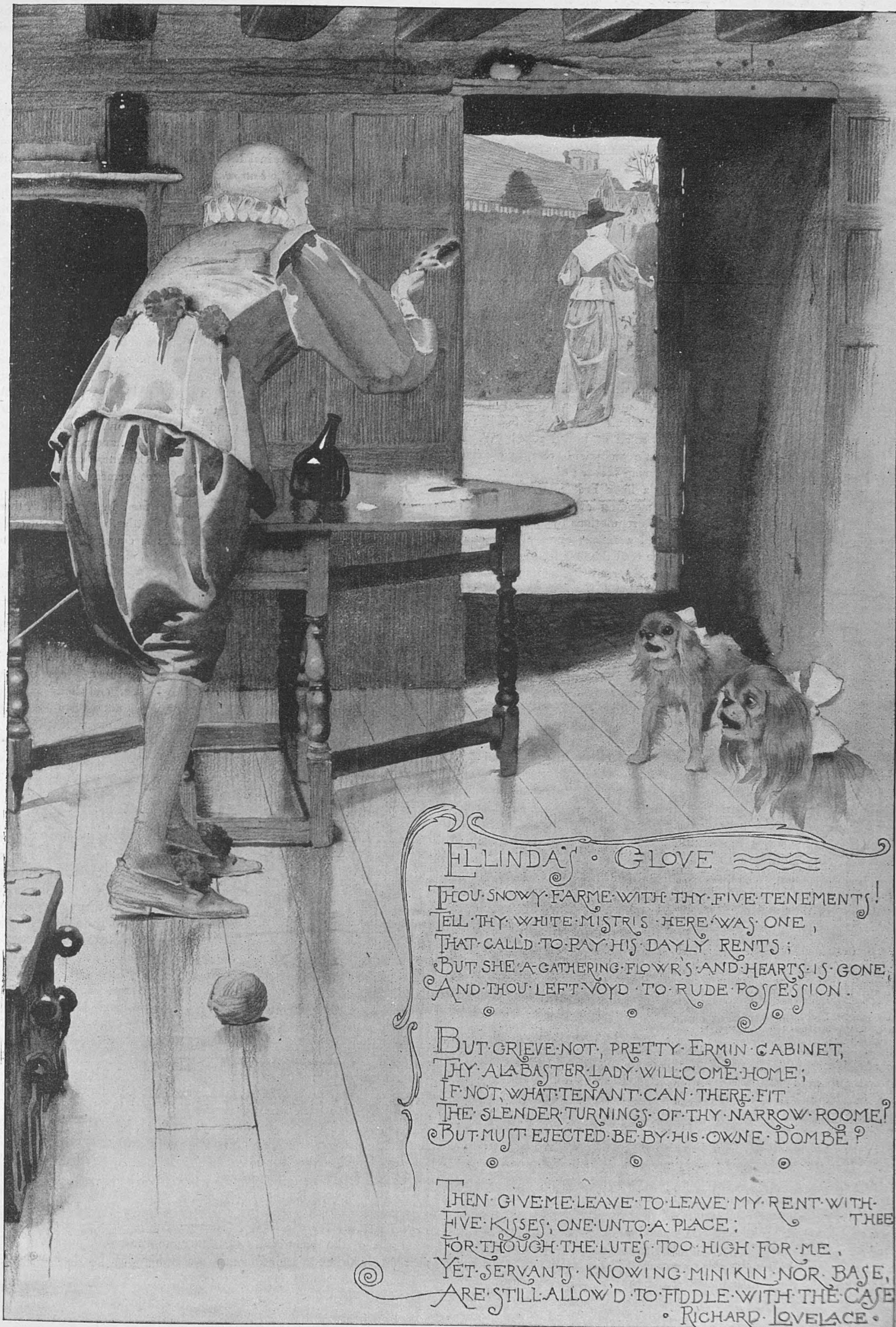
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 AND THOU LEFT VOYD TO RUDE POSSESSION.

BUT GRIEVE NOT, PRETTY ERMIN CABINET,
 THY ALABASTER LADY WILL COME HOME;
 IF NOT, WHAT TENANT CAN THERE FIT
 THE SLENDER TURNINGS OF THY NARROW ROOME?
 BUT MUST EJECTED BE BY HIS OWNE DOME?

THEN GIVEME LEAVE TO LEAVE MY RENT WITH
 FIVE KISSES, ONE UNTO A PLACE;
 FOR THOUGH THE LUTE'S TOO HIGH FOR ME,
 YET SERVANTS KNOWING MINIKIN NOR BASE,
 ARE STILL ALLOW'D TO FIDDLE WITH THE CASE
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A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Dover has hitherto loomed, a forbidding image, among my least seductive memories: a jetty in the Styx, a lowering sky and inky sea, ghoulis spectators of your departure, banqueting, in fancy, on the miseries of the passage, mariners hovering round you on the steamer's deck with a gruesome solicitude, presaging horrible ministrations for a shilling. Seafaring in the Channel, I verily believe, corrodes the finest instinct of humanity. Observe the mariner when the sea is calm. Does he rejoice in your well-being? Is he full of cheery congratulation and stimulating anecdote? No, he is distant and moody; he glares at the smiling faces; in mid-Channel he scans the horizon fiercely, and mutters to himself, probably an incantation of the elemental furies. When the voyage is over, and you are stepping blithely ashore, he avoids your eye; you have done him a mortal injury; you have not had even a qualm; and there is no shilling. But let the torments of the Styx rack you, body from soul; then the mariner is jubilant; he tends you like a mother, and tucks you in tarpaulin; he diffuses round your aching head a balmy odour of lamp-oil; and when the agony is at an end, and you are astonished to find yourself alive, and eager to impart this joy to a sympathetic bosom, a palm, a greasy, greedy palm, wanders over your wraps, and you feel it is itching and twitching to close upon that shilling.

What a nauseous monster is a steamer, with its belching smoke, its machinery writhing and curling like horrid entrails in a pit, its timbers straining, and threatening to open and engulf you in the flood, its omnipresence of oil! Oh, for the honest smell of tarred rope! What memories it revives of the dear old Atlantic "clipper" casting off the tug, and spreading great sails to the favouring breeze; of days becalmed, when the captain's small son strove with a huge needle, and a thimble like a piece of armour, to help in the mending of canvas; of quaint emigrants, made acquainted with the ship's regulations by an Irish mate, who seized the scruff of a neck, and rubbed a refractory nose against a placard, exclaiming, "Arrah now, can't ye read the Quane's English?"; of sailors' yarns in the early night-watches, when a listening boy sat open-mouthed in a snug corner, dreading to be found and sent below; of long hours when the cabin skylight, to the boy's upturned eyes, seemed to be very drunk, rolling about in the most reckless way, and giving hasty glimpses of scandalised clouds; of a paternal voice on deck hoarsely calling through a speaking-trumpet, and then coming below to observe gruffly, "Ill again! That boy's a milksop!"; of a pale woman who took the lad in her arms, and murmured caressing words in his ear; of a strange scene one morning, when the pale woman, so pale now that the sheets of the bed where she lay were not so white, kissed him for the last time, and said she must leave him, and he was taken out of the state-room in his father's arms, crying that mother was not to go; of the dreadful news that came not long afterwards, that the old "clipper" had been burnt to the water's edge in New York harbour, and the captain carried ashore to die! All this comes back to me, with the sweet taste of Indian corn, heaped upon the busy quay, with the joyous cries of urchins, clambering up the ship's ropes, and diving off her stern into the dock, with the frantic objurgations from the small craft which, passing too near us, had her mainsail ripped up by a projecting spar. The crackle of the torn canvas is still music in my ear, and I renew all the delicious excitement of the novel incident.

Well, I am forgetting Dover, which has now a new aspect for me. A pressing need of sea-air took me there the other afternoon, and, as I strolled upon the parade, I was deeply impressed by the mellow peace which brooded over the town. I sat awhile in one of the glazed shelters, just where the sun was hottest, a choice strongly approved by an old lady, who confided to me that the windy side was too chilly for her lungs. Yes, it was warm where we were sitting; but did I know how hot it was up in the park? I did not; but I quoted old Corporal Brewster to her: "Rum is warm, and schnapps is warm, and there's 'cat in soup; but give me a dish of tea"—a sentiment which evidently confirmed her opinion that, for a man, I was a marvel of discernment. Then I came across an elderly ecclesiastic, of very robust proportions, in an alpaca coat, carrying a butterfly-net. He sat down now and then, held the net across his chest, and took a nap. I wondered whether this were parochial work, whether the net were designed to catch souls, and what dispensation made him slumber this hot afternoon, and leave my soul at large. As the air grew cooler, a mild excitement was visible on the parade. A small boy stood on a stool, and drew portraits on a portable easel. He was dressed in red velvet, with white stockings, and a jockey cap; unlike the boy in Ingoldsby, he had a little handkerchief to wipe his little nose; there

was no diffidence about him; and he astonished the crowd not only by his drawing, but by his encyclopædic information about celebrated personages. I beheld the Dictionary of National Biography in white stockings and velvet. Somehow, the celebrated personages were all of one type; the front would have paralysed a phrenologist, and the back of the head would have petrified the chaplain of Newgate. Was this a hideous revelation of life? Was the serpent, in velvet, rearing his head in this Eden of Dover?

Never had I seen the Styx so calm. That night I crossed to Calais, and spent a Sunday with the Duc de Guise, who drove out the English, and wrote the name of the town on Queen Mary's heart, as all school-boys remember; with Cardinal Richelieu, who founded the citadel; with renowned odours; with the *bourgeoisie* of Calais, who enjoyed the day at the Casino; and with the Salvation Army, who held a reunion on the sands. People who say the French have no self-control ought to study their fortitude under the provocation of the Salvation bonnet. A lady in this headgear discoursed on the usual theme, with the pronunciation of Queen Victoria Street, but without any accompaniment of cymbals. Two boys, in prayer or great physical pain, knelt on the shore with their eyes shut. It was all curiously English, especially the idea that Catholics would suddenly find religion on the Calais *plage*; but when the meeting was over, I noticed that the boys in pain recovered their spirits; the irrepressible vitality of the Gaul seemed to galvanise them, and the worldliness of leap-frog tingled in their bones. There were no converts; no one had accepted the invitation to proclaim a conviction of sin; but everybody was in excellent humour. There was a philosophic gaiety in the air. At the Casino, children were dancing the polka with subdued enjoyment; a band played to rows of citizens and their womenkind, who drank *bocks* reflectively; in many a tent Sisera nodded placidly, and no Jael annoyed him even with a tin-tack. It was the terrible Continental Sunday, with which even the echoes of Queen Victoria Street seemed to harmonise.

In the Musée, which ought not to be missed by the visitor, there are sea-shells, stuffed birds, slimy things in bottles, and some priceless works of art. The taste of Calais in pictures is conservative; it paused at Louis Philippe. That monarch is here in many attitudes, and in extraordinary trousers. You see him gazing pensively into space, after the manner of august portraits; anon, he is escaping, in a cocked hat, from the ship which has been hurled by the tempest against Calais jetty; everywhere he bears a striking resemblance to Mr. Turveydrop. Some wonderful pictures bear the inscription, "Donné par L'État," which suggests that the State has many masterpieces on its hands, and distributes them among the provincial museums. If only our Government would buy wonders at Burlington House, and hang them at Margate and Worthing! Think of the day when not a town-hall in the kingdom is without its Academy picture, and when every local artist is by law entitled to the patronage of the municipality! We must get abreast of the Musée at Calais. A writer in the *Figaro* says that French literature is in danger because novelists paint provincial life and neglect Paris. But when pictures by Margate artists hang in the Hall by the Sea, who shall say that English art is in its decadence?

There is one pictorial development, however, which fills me with alarm. The soul of the literary man is often harrowed by illustrations. For one pair of eyes that read his text a hundred may be content with the pictures. This has suggested to an ingenious American a plan for making fiction subservient to photography. In *Scribner* this month there is a specimen story, of which the mere words occupy half the page, while the other half is devoted to a row of photographs. The emaciated text merely indicates a situation, but the full-bodied camera shows you the living personages in their habits as they live. They are not the simulacra of the author's imagination, sketched by the artist's pencil; they are actual persons, photographed from life, models dressed for the parts, pantomimists in short, who are not content with the stage, but must invade the story-teller's territory, and make it a wretched annexe of the photographer's studio! To what end, you may ask, is the reader to follow the tale with one eye, and the vertical row of photographs with the other? The ingenious American is frank on this point: it is to save time. He calculates that, by his method of production, a novelette which might take three hours in the ordinary form, could be read in an hour and a half! This is not a joke; it is the serious application of labour-saving machinery to the art of fiction; and it is projected in one of the foremost American magazines, which contains at this moment a serial by George Meredith, and is to publish another next year by Mr. Barrie. Perhaps Mr. Meredith will be invited to adapt his next book to the vertical photographs—to be taken from American models by an American photographer, as a condition of the copyright. By that time, the public over the water may prefer to study their Meredith or Hardy through the kinetoscope, while they are waiting for the cars.

THE ADELPHI THOROUGHFARE.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen will very probably visit Wiesbaden, next spring, for the purpose of taking a course of the waters and massage, and, should she do so, her Majesty will occupy the Royal Palace during her stay. The Queen has not tried any regular course of treatment abroad for the rheumatism in her knees, from which she suffers so frequently, since her last visit to Aix-les-Bains, in the spring of 1891.

The weather has become suddenly much colder on Deeside, but the bracing air thoroughly agrees with her Majesty. During the past week, the Queen has, as a rule, confined her excursions to points of interest in the immediate neighbourhood of Balmoral, with the exception of an excursion to the Glen Gelder Shiel, where she had afternoon tea. Business all the morning—the daily messenger for London leaves the Castle at half-past one—and then a walk in the grounds, followed by a drive to Abergeldie Castle or Birkhall, have been the daily routine.

Lord Cross has been staying at Balmoral as Minister in Attendance upon her Majesty. One of the principal reasons for Lord Cross's popularity with the rest of the Cabinet is that he is always ready to go to Balmoral. Lord Cross is a great favourite with the Queen, and, since Lord Sydney's death, has advised upon and attended to all her Majesty's private investments. His early training as cashier in Parr's Banking Company renders him specially well qualified to advise the Queen in matters of this kind.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who have been staying in Switzerland, whence they proceeded from Paris, are going to Germany to pay brief visits to Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia at Dresden, to Prince and Princess Frederick Leopold at Schloss Glienecke, near Potsdam, and to the Empress Frederick at Cronberg. The Duke and Duchess are to return to England the second week in October, and the Duchess will then go to Balmoral, on a visit to the Queen.

The Duke of Cambridge is to be the guest of the Duke of Grafton at Euston Hall, Suffolk, for a few days in October, when a small shooting-party will be invited to meet him. The Duke has recently suffered a good deal with his right arm, but the symptoms yielded to treatment by electric massage, and he is now much better.

My readers may be interested to know what a ducal wheelbarrow is like. I see that a barrow has been made for Lady Maud Duff, the younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Fife. It is made of ash framing, lined with walnut, and surmounted with polished steel. It is also embellished with light varnish and gold-leaf.

From Ceylon's spicy isle comes Miss Rita Loos. She is just six and a-half years old, and her parents have sent her to London to become

initiated in the gentle art of skirt-dancing, with the ultimate view of the stage as a profession. She will shortly return home, and, at the end of a year or two, come back to take up her lessons again. Her mother (*née* Van der Straaten) is training her own voice.

Here is a portrait of Mrs. Salisbury and her baby. The strange story of the child, as recently made public, is so fresh in the minds of my readers that it is quite unnecessary to tell it over again.



MRS. SALISBURY AND HER BABY.

Photo by W. T. Good, Westbourne Park.



MISS RITA LOOS.

Artistic Photographic Company, Oxford Street, W.

Seaside minstrelsy has run the gauntlet of much adverse criticism and many a sarcastic remark, and I confess that I do not feel inclined to break a lance for the fair fame of becorcked gentlemen in cheap blazers, of German bands, or even of Italian families who yell strange sounds to their parents' accompaniment upon a preposterously hideous instrument of music (?). For some seaside singing, to which I have recently listened, I will, however, with my Editor's kind permission, say more than one good word. The chorister who has of late so delighted me, and, judging from the crowd that gathers here at Broadstairs nightly, a good many besides myself, is a good-looking lad of about fourteen, who, accompanied by a piannette and a violin, warbles sacred songs, sentimental ballads, and old Scotch airs like an angel. It seems a pity that so much sweetness should be—not exactly wasted on the desert air, for what gives so much pleasure can hardly be described as wasted; but that such a voice should be strained or roughened by open-air singing certainly is a matter for regret. It is, I suppose, a question, like many others, of £. s. d. In a London church young Bowman would earn but a modest sum a-week, while in a seaside resort, I am told, his takings are something like three pounds a-day. The amount may or may not be exaggerated, but I believe that there is no doubt that the lad keeps a mother, an invalid father, and a brother, with his lovely voice and admirable method. Alas! the voice will not last much longer, and young Bowman will delight his hearers but a little time longer with his delightful rendering of such songs as "Angels ever bright and fair," "Daddy," "Ora pro Nobis," "Robin Adair," "Caller Herring," and many another beautiful composition. Let us hope that, when the voice returns at maturity, it will be as sweet, as powerful, and as well employed.

There has, of late, been a bitter outcry against bull-fighting, and the heart of the Englishman has gone out towards the bull—who would gore it, if it were placed before him in the flesh. It is useless to argue with people about sport, for, although they will destroy small things without hesitation or remorse, the death of half-a-dozen bulls absolutely revolts them. The average Englishman, despite his occasional sentimental outcries, is cruel at heart, and for the abuses in his own land he has never an eye. I will take a very simple case. Who has ever protested against boiling lobsters alive? The practice is appallingly cruel, and the cry of a lobster before its death is almost as agonising as the scream of a wounded hare. Yet thousands of lobsters are boiled to death hourly.

There may now be seen growing in the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society a remarkably fine plant of *Victoria Regia*. The other day I counted eleven large leaves, several of which were over seven feet in diameter. For some time it has had a new flower open every day. Here is a photograph of Mr. J. B. Sowerby (who is the Assistant Secretary of the Society) sitting on a leaf floating on the water. The total weight supported by the lily was 150 pounds.

There has been a great deal of discussion in the papers lately over the fact that Mr. Balfour has given two hundred pounds for literary services, out of the Civil List, to a Mr. Brooks, who appears to be absolutely unknown to the majority of his literary fellow-countrymen. It would seem that Mr. Brooks has written some pamphlets against Socialism, Individualism, or something equally uninteresting. When one thinks of the number of men who have worn out their lives, to confer real benefit upon their kind, through unremunerative scholarship, an exhibition of this kind of misdirected bounty is most pitiful. Mr. Richard Morris, the famous philologist, for example, was for many years on the brink of poverty, and only received a grant from the Civil List on his death-bed. But this is not the worst as concerns Mr. Brooks. From this week's *Truth* I learn that his name actually appears on the cautionary card of the Charity Organisation Society. "So that while this society," continues Mr. Labouchere, "which never speaks in such a way without good evidence to go upon, is warning private individuals against Brooks's appeals for cash, the First Lord of the Treasury has responded to his solicitations with two hundred pounds of public money, probably the first instance on record of the Treasury having been victimised by a begging-letter writer."

All visitors to North Wales probably go to Bettws-y-Coed, one of the loveliest places in Great Britain. And when they get there, they



MR. SOWERBY SITTING ON A LEAF OF VICTORIA REGIA.

Photo by Salmon and Son, Hampstead Road, N.W.

usually see Pandy Mills. The accompanying illustration is borrowed from a fine supplement of North Wales views given in the *Album* for next Monday. How brightly does the day when I last went to Bettws-y-Coed stand out in my memory. It was charming weather, and rain a few days before had just washed the foliage a tender green. All round Bettws there is running water to add to the beauty of the scene, and the Swallow Falls, in particular, are delightful. Next to going to Wales, the best thing is to see pictures of that fair Principality, and I am glad that the supplement in the *Album* for Sept. 30 is enticingly titled "Through North Wales—First Series."



PANDY MILLS.

Photo by Pullen and Sons, Ltd.

There are some clever young people in the cast of this, the third recent Lyceum "Romeo and Juliet." The Benvolio, for instance, is Mr. Frank Gilmore, a young scion of the Thorne family, who used to play at the Vaudeville, and has not very long been back in England; while the new representative of Paris, Mr. Arthur Grenville, has had considerable experience of the legitimate. Family connections link him with the public entertainments of Weymouth.

Another plum from the well-stocked pudding of theatrical advertisement humour. The manager of a ghost show, requiring a man "to

fourteen; girls, four to sixteen. The modest sum of five shillings a-week is all that is charged for the substantial fare, admirable accommodation, and kindly treatment given in this Home by the generosity of its founder, who, I understand, has spent some £140,000 in the building and its endowment. The Home is a handsome building on the Ramsgate Road, and is admirably situated, with extensive views.

I can't quite say whether Miss Minnie Palmer has obtained another "My Sweetheart," but certainly there seems to be "all the elements of success" in the new comedy-opera written for her by George Manchester



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON, THE NEW MANAGER OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

take leads or heavies," further indicates the sort of people he wants by observing sarcastically, "Shakspearean actors need not apply; advise them to keep their stamps in their pockets."

Since writing about the "Yarrow Home," last week, I have been asked in one or two quarters for further information on the subject. The Home is not intended for the children of the very poor, but for those whose parents are in reduced circumstances, and are not in a position to supply to their *convalescent* children, entirely at their own cost, the advantages of a change to the seaside. The Home will hold one hundred children, fifty boys and fifty girls; ages: boys, four to

and Albert Maurice, and produced at Cardiff under the long-disputed title of "The Schoolgirl." Even without the ostentatious patronage, as recorded in the *Daily Telegraph*, of Messrs. Tom Mann, Ben Tillett, and Havelock Wilson, I think that Miss Palmer will be able to draw very good audiences in her fresh rôle of Louisa Allason, better known as "Little Miss Loo." The character of the growing child put into short frocks by a jealous mother, and packed off to a girls' school, where she causes no end of trouble, seems exactly suited to the well-known methods of the popular little comédienne; and among the excellent company supporting her I note the presence of stately Miss Agnes Hewitt, in the part of Mrs. Allason.

It is not often that "Labby" is caught napping, but, in a paragraph in a recent issue of *Truth*, Regent's Park was stated, quite erroneously, to be under the control of the London County Council. If Mr. Labouchere were in the habit of "walking in the Regent's Park," he would know that it was one of the Royal Parks, and he would be familiar with the old notice-boards with "George, Ranger," at the bottom.

At all risks, I must recount a piquant "Trilby" anecdote—American, of course. A "Trilby" entertainment was being given somewhere in

statement, I deemed it a mere thoughtless libel on the tinned luxury. My informant told me—and he ought to know—that, in a certain Kentish seaport, there exists a manufactory for turning sprats into sardines. The sprats are bought, through the season, at an all-round price of half-a-crown a thousand. Taken to the factory in question, they are carefully laid for a time in salt, are then cleaned and beheaded, placed in rows on a sort of gridiron, and plunged into boiling water. In this softened mood they absorb the necessary oil, are imprisoned in their tins, take ship to France, and return to this country with the label of a well-known French house upon them. What a pity that



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS SVENGALI IN "TRILBY."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

California in aid of a local charity; "but the young lady who posed as Trilby disappointed a large audience, because she failed to exhibit her bare 'trilbys.'" Then the wicked narrator goes on to say that, as the people of the town in question "believe in full value for their money, possibly they expected 'the altogether' pose as well." Sailing very near to the wind, isn't it?

When out sea-fishing the other morning, I heard a strange romance of the London sprat. That the tasty sardine was often nothing more than the common sprat or the Cornish pilchard in disguise, I have certainly been told, but, never having had chapter and verse for the

the public will not devour their sardines as sprats! There would then be another excellent industry established at many an English seaport town.

From all accounts received, Mr. Julius M. Price, who is acting as special artist and correspondent in Western Australia for the *Illustrated London News*, is being accorded a very kindly welcome. There lies before me a choice menu of a banquet given in his honour at the Osborne Hotel, Claremont (between Perth and Fremantle), which makes me quite regret that I am not Mr. Price's travelling companion. The Hon. H. J. Saunders presided, and there were speeches of a cordial nature.

Here are some neat snap-shots of yacht-racing, taken from the schooner-yacht *Phantom* by Mrs. Leather Culley, the wife of the owner.

The present flat-racing season is generally considered to have been a very bad one for the bookmakers, and a year of plenty to the merry punter. Winners have been supported at remunerative prices, and there have not been many surprises like there were last year, when *Victor Wild* and *Indian Queen* were responsible for almost unbacked sensational victories at 50 and 33 to 1 respectively. I was delighted to find my bookmaker looking very unhappy a few days ago. My bets were not the cause, for they are few and far between, and will never make or break him; but he told me that things were so bad that he really thought

discovered potato salad that was a dream of delight, and could "give the nectar and ambrosia of the heathen deities several pounds and a beating. So far as my present research has carried me, England, France, and Spain are miles behind Portugal. Potato salad, as understood by the Count Burnay's famous *chef*, who rules the realm of the Central's kitchen, is a delicate mixture of potatoes, shred meat, fine herbs, and dainty dressing, so exquisitely concocted that the happy eater thinks he has come upon Paradise before his time, and labours until he has scant appetite for the rest of the meal. I have described it to home-grown cooks; they have assured me that it is a simple matter, and they have brought me, after much labour, an imitation unfit, by comparison, to give to pigs. To do this famous salad justice in literature would require



20-RATERS STARTING.



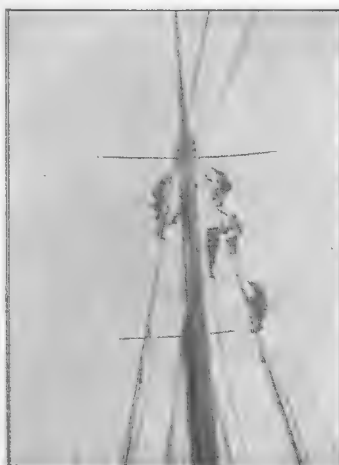
UNCOIL THE SPINNAKER.



RACING AT DARTMOUTH HARBOUR.



2½-RATER COMING IN.



RIDING DOWN THE REEF TACKLE.



THE PHANTOM.



HAULING THE MAINSHEET.



"DOLCE FAR NIENTE."



JACK AT PLAY.

of turning commission agent in earnest. As a matter of fact, he is supposed to be one, but, of course, lays all bets "on his own." "Even Ascot didn't hurt the punters," he said ruefully; "and some of my clients are getting all their money back." I smiled hugely at this naïve confession, and advised him, if winners were so easy to pick out, to cease laying and start backing. My advice did not meet with the enthusiastic reception it deserved. "What," cried the worthy penciller, "back them? Do you take me for a complete fool?" Then I thought it best to talk about the weather and the Anti-Gambling League's recent defeat, of the Sporting League and Mr. John Burns, and other things equally dear to the heart of horsey man.

If we believe Captain Marryat, Japhet worked very hard in search of a father; but I claim to have laboured still more diligently to find in England an hotel, restaurant, or private house where a really good potato salad is to be found. A long time ago, in the Central Hotel of Lisbon, I

a Homer or a George Augustus Sala. If everything else fails, I seriously think of kidnapping this cook, patenting his salad, and starting a limited liability company to run it.

I note the concoction, in the land of the cocktail, be it understood, of a dreadful new drink. Its title, "Zim," is luridly suggestive, and its ingredients more than bear out the fell promise of the title, for they are brandy, beer, Rhine wine, and absinthe, to be mixed in equal proportions. It seems superfluous to add that homoeopathic quantities are advisable.

Another promising subject for a comic opera has been seized upon by an American composer. It is the theme made to live again by the genius of Frederick Robson, but, unfortunately, in this new "*Jason and the Golden Fleece*," there is not likely to be found such a Medea as was presented by that great actor in the old burlesque.

Caran d'Ache is, perhaps, the best of the French caricaturists. In the course of an interview with him by Miss Belloc, in the October number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, I learn that "Caran d'Ache" signifies "lead pencil" in Russian. The artist's real name is Emanuel Poiré. His grandfather was one of Napoleon the First's officers, and accompanied the *grande armée* during the disastrous Russian campaign. He was wounded and taken prisoner, and, falling in love with a pretty Muscovite, who afterwards became the caricaturist's grandmother, settled down in Russia. But he always remained entirely French at heart, and Caran d'Ache, as a small child, determined that he would return "home." Once his education at the Moscow College was finished, he went off to the French Consulate to ask what steps he should take in order to fulfil his military service.

When laws are made that tend to affect the purity of our language, a professor of literature should have a power of revision over the decision

There is really no justification for the state of things I have described. The average Englishman does not use one word in ten of those placed at his disposal by the lexicographers. There are thousands of long words born to live unseen and waste their length within the dim recesses of a dictionary. Why not hunt them out and place them at the disposal of patentees? Nobody wants them for general purposes; they are rusty for lack of use, and only see life from the tip of the tongue of some old Dr. Dryasdust. Give them the chance, legislators and advertisers; take them from their tomb, and show them the world. Place them in the mouths of people more young and pleasant than old professors; give them something to live for. What would the feelings of some antique, classical word be like if he could take a tramp along some busy London thoroughfare? On all sides he would see young, upstart words with no right to exist, no parents, no lineage, and no derivation, looking down upon the street as though it belonged to them. And the old word, with a lineage to be proud of, whose ancestral component parts were possibly often on



MISSAL-ANEOUS READING.

A CARICATURE BY CARAN D'ACHE, FROM THE OCTOBER NUMBER OF THE "ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE."

of mere M.P.'s. At present, an enterprising manufacturer may not patent an English word whereby to describe his goods, but he may coin a word, and patent that. The legislators who brought this matter about deserve the warmest possible time in a future state. What right have they to tamper with the purity of a noble language, and cause walls and hoardings to be crowded with offensive perversions of real words? If a man were to damage a national monument, he would be locked up, but he may do what he likes with a language in which the world's literary masterpieces have been written, and nobody will suggest that he is doing wrong. England really requires a Licensing Committee on matters of taste. It might be composed of artists, musicians, and literary men, and should have ample powers to regulate all matters that affect the public mind. I am not a patriotic enthusiast; I can't shout "Hurray!" when I see a regiment of soldiers, and I really think "God Save the Queen" a dreadfully bad composition, whose demerits are not covered by its good intention; but when I see a great language tampered with, my dormant patriotism is aroused.

the lips of Homer or Virgil, would see himself flouted and neglected for this upstart. The pathos of the situation is really intense, and it is a shame that trifles like Armenian outrages and Russian persecutions should close the ears of the people to the bitter cry of an insulted language.

The recent Hastings Chess Tournament has led to a discussion with regard to the respective merits of past and present players of the noble game, and in this connection I am tempted to quote the testimony of a friend who learnt his chess years ago from the games reproduced in the columns of the *Illustrated London News*. According to him, no contemporary player excels in brilliancy the late Paul Morphy, as represented in the back numbers of the *Illustrated London News*.

The "Trilby" boom has reached the music-halls. I went to the Palace the other night, and found that that excellent ventriloquist Mr. Le Hay was requested by his funny lay figure to sing the song from "Trilby," "Ben Bolt," which he does admirably.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE PURSUIT OF THE FLOUNDER.*

It would not be unfair to surmise that the time has now come when the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. Alfred Watson find some considerable difficulty in discovering subjects for the unfailingly excellent "Badminton Library." In their task of producing a series of books which should be



HAULING THE TRAMMEL.

an encyclopædia to sport, it is natural that the letter "Z" must sooner or later present itself. I am led to believe, after a perusal of the volume before me, that such a beginning of the end is at hand. Good as this book is, and pleasing as are many of its illustrations, the thought that the work is scarcely to be taken seriously is not to be suppressed. For the average man, sea-fishing is a pastime associated with mild flirtations at the pier's head, or with those disastrous expeditions to the "shoal" beloved of the ancient mariner who vends his two hours of rolling agony for the trifling sum of half-a-crown. You cannot convince mankind at large, womankind still less, that sport is bound up with that whirling of the waters which the hoary one aforesaid bears so stoically. Humanity has crossed the Channel too often; the very suggestion, "Go for a nice row, sir?" may move the meekest man to exasperation.

Yet let us hasten to admit that this is only the view of the average man, and that there are people so dead to all sense and sound of words that the cry of "Steward!" can be borne by them with equanimity. It is for these people that Mr. Watson has catered and Mr. Bickerdyke has written. And not alone for these, but for others—cheerful souls, who will spend long days upon the jetty, hauling the whiting pout from the depths below them, or ensnaring the codling and the omnivorous crab. Rough and ready, hitherto, were the methods of such fishermen. A coarse line, purchased at a toy-shop for a shilling; a clumsy hook, which would catch a Channel shark; a number of lob-worms taken from the pockets of an old salt—here was the equipment. Nor was it entirely unfit for the purpose. The amateur, all said and done, made many a decent bag. Music, with her voluptuous swell, from the band above, played in the captives to their death. It was cheering to land a flounder to the strains of "The animals went in two by two." Pretty girls came down to ask for tidings, the air was sweet, and time was killed. This was the class of man who cared nothing for the finer art of sea-fishing. It is improbable that he knew of its existence. He went to the jetty to pass the afternoon, and he passed it. What he lost in temper anathematising the crabs he gained in health from the ozone of the breezes. And he did not care the crack of a nut for all the devices science could teach him.

All this was well enough, no doubt, for the inferior person and the ignoramus, but it was not well enough for Mr. Bickerdyke. Like many before him, he has been moved to the delivery of an apocalypse, and he has delivered it with fine spirit and commendable art. That he knows all about sea-fishing there cannot be two opinions. Every device, from the simple throw for the

codling to the finer play with the fly, is at his fingers' ends. He knows well that the tackle we use upon the jetty is hopeless, that our hooks are too thick, our lines too coarse, our baits all wrong. He would have us pass by the toy-shop and hie us to the maker of fresh-water implements. He would teach us that fish are not everywhere in the sea, as we suppose, but that they linger sociably upon shoals and banks. He would exhort us to put no faith in the ancient mariner who will row us unfailingly to a spot where there are no fish, and discover a shoal only when we are going home in disgust and he has earned a sovereign. He would lead us to the use of the rod and the fly—in short, he would make artists of us. The work is worthy; it is also likely to be laborious, yet no one who peruses the latest "Badminton" will hesitate to admit that the task is one to attempt, and that a very real and engrossing sport is to be had on our shores by those who will be at the pains of following it properly.

Apart from these essays upon sea-fishing in its simpler forms, there are some praiseworthy chapters by other authors to be found in this book. Mr. W. Senior, a prince among authorities, writes interestingly of Antipodean and foreign fish. Whaling is treated, broadly and engagingly, by Sir H. W. Gore-Booth, and Mr. A. C. Harmsworth gives us a chapter upon the tarpon. Few people, I imagine, would stake their existence upon an accurate description of a tarpon, and very few are the sportsmen who have bagged one. Mr. Harmsworth is one of the fortunate exceptions. He went to the Gulf of Mexico especially for the sport, and he assures us that it is a little less exhilarating than lion-hunting, but distinctly more bracing than tiger-hunting. A tarpon may, apparently, be any size. A fish of a hundred pounds is accounted a mere baby; a fish of one hundred and fifty is hardly worth the stuffing. And yet this creature has the pugnacity of a fifth-party leader and the courage of a cornered

bullock. Obviously, great-game hunters should go to Florida. But, first, they should read Mr. Harmsworth's admirable and exceedingly well-written paper on the subject.

MAX PEMBERTON.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Although the public support accorded to the Crystal Palace Concerts has not been worthy of their merits, the prospectus for the forthcoming series shows no deterioration. The vocalists engaged for the first ten concerts include Mesdames Medora Henson, Otta Brouy, and Fillunger, Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Santley, and Andrew Black. Instrumentalists include MM. David Popper, Hans Wessely, and Siloti, Mesdames Clotilde Kleeberg and Roger-Mielos. The series will commence on Oct. 12 and go on until Dec. 14. The usual pantomime interval then occurs, and the concerts are resumed on Feb. 15, and terminate, nominally, on April 18, but really on April 25, when Mr. Manns will take his annual benefit. It is said that the pantomime will give place to a circus this year. The Palace pantomimes have never been particularly brilliant.



FISHING FOR COD FROM GORLESTON PIER.

* "Sea Fishing." The Badminton Library. By John Bickerdyke, W. Senior, A. C. Harmsworth, and Sir H. W. Gore-Booth. Part. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

SOME LONDON PUBLISHERS.

IX.—MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

Of the several new publishing houses which have sprung into existence during the last half-dozen years, it would be difficult to mention one which has made greater strides than that of which Mr. William Heinemann is the guiding spirit. Mr. Heinemann, who is English in nearly every other respect except that of name, entered the house of Nicholas Trübner in or about the year 1881, and remained there for some time after his principal's death. When the amalgamation scheme with Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. became a reality, Mr. Heinemann left the concern. The Trübner experience was an exceedingly valuable one, although the class of publishing at Ludgate Hill differed as entirely as possible from the type of books which form the mainstay of Mr. Heinemann's business.

From the time of his leaving Trübner's until he started in business on his own account, Mr. Heinemann was not idle. He became a full-fledged publisher, so to speak, on Jan. 1, 1890, and on Feb. 1 of the same year he issued Mr. Hall Caine's very powerful work, "The Bondman," of which over thirty-two thousand copies have been sold. This extraordinary work has been followed by two other equally striking works of fiction from the same pen, "The Scapegoat," and Mr. Hall Caine's latest great success, "The Manxman," the first one-volume novel at six shillings to appear after the celebrated mandate of the two great circulating libraries. Nearly sixty thousand copies of it have been sold. The experiment was watched with the keenest interest by both authors and publishers, and its complete success has induced other publishers to follow suit. The three-volume form of novel is doomed, and very justly, as a relic of antiquity no longer in harmony with the spirit of the times.

One of Mr. Heinemann's early successes was as strikingly original as Mr. Hall Caine's *chef d'œuvre*, but in a very different way. Mr. James McNeill Whistler's "Gentle Art of Making Enemies" would have sold largely in any form; but in the exceedingly beautiful and original manner in which it was typographically turned out, it was as irresistible to the bibliophile as to the general reader who cares little about the *format* of his intellectual food.

Mr. Heinemann claims that he has published not only the six-shilling novel, Mr. Hall Caine's "Manxman," which has had the most extensive sale in recent years, but also the three-volume novel, Madame Sarah Grand's "Heavenly Twins," which has enjoyed the greatest sale within the last five years. The sales of his translations, which include the first novel done into English from the Bulgarian language, Ivan Vazoff's "Under the Yoke," and also of his dramatic works, have exceeded his own expectations. That these two entirely dissimilar branches of literature should be made a speciality by one publisher is unusual, to say the least of it, until one realises the fact that Mr. Heinemann is himself a linguist, and has written a play, to which the Licensor gave "bold advertisement" by refusing to allow of its production on the English stage. "Heinemann's International Library" has been a great eye-opener to the English novel reader, and if his (or her) chauvinism survive a course of study in this series, it must indeed be hard to kill. As a sort of outcome of this series, the publisher is now producing a uniform edition of the novels of Björnsterne Björnson and of Ivan Turgenev at three shillings net per volume.

The more recent successes of Mr. Heinemann's ventures have occurred in connection with the novels of Mr. Zangwill and Madame Sarah Grand. Mr. Zangwill, as a powerful creator, has enjoyed a great popularity for some years, and his later books, distinct, as they were, from his earlier ones, were a fairly safe venture. But "The Heavenly Twins" was an entirely new departure by a comparatively unknown authoress. It had been refused by several publishers, but Mr. Heinemann was struck by its unconventional originality, and he issued it, with a result which is too well known to be enlarged upon here. The book has been a little goldmine to the authoress, and the publisher has reaped his own share of the material advantages which a successful book brings to both parties. Of course, "Heavenly Twins" do not crop up every day, but it is something to recognise them when they come in one's way.

An important branch of Mr. Heinemann's business deals with works of the fine arts, the list of which includes some of the choicest publications of recent years. We have, for example, M. Émile Michel's sumptuous edition of Rembrandt; the equally choice work of Furtwängler on the "Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture," while a companion volume to the Rembrandt,

on Correggio, is to form one of the chief attractions of Mr. Heinemann's autumn publications. "The Great Educators," a series of volumes by eminent writers, presenting in its entirety a biographical history of education, has had a great vogue. Of the several volumes in preparation, we may mention one on Rousseau, one on Thomas and Matthew Arnold, and one on Pestalozzi.

In addition to the works above mentioned, Mr. Heinemann has also published Mr. A. H. Savage-Landor's timely book on "Corea, or Cho-Sen"; a translation of Max Nordau's "Degeneration," which has had such an extraordinary popularity, not only in this country, but all over the Continent, in several languages; the De Goncourt Letters and Journals; an English version of "Napoleon et les Femmes"; Waliszewski's vivid Biography of Catherine II. of Russia, and a great many others of equal interest and importance.

Mr. Heinemann is not only a publisher, but he is a publisher who takes a very active part in every movement which affects the art and mystery of producing books. The paper which he read before a meeting in London of the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland, in April last, was the clearest and most concise exposition of the method adopted in Germany for the prevention of underselling, and for promoting the sale of books, which has yet appeared in this country, and if a similar system could be enforced in England, the trade in books would at last be placed on a substantial and satisfactory basis. Mr. Heinemann is convinced that, after all, the bookseller is the publisher's best friend. He confesses

that he is extremely pessimistic as regards the book trade, and that no good can accrue until bookselling assumes a dignity which it at present sadly lacks. One of the greatest curses of the trade consists in the encroachments of the vendors of toys, stationery, fancy articles, and gimcracks generally, and the supply of books to all but properly accredited booksellers ought to be impossible; but such a drastic innovation can only be effected by a concerted action of both publishers and booksellers.

The chief cancer which is eating away the vitals of the trade is the short-lived life of a work. No good-looking young girl is so fickle as the reading public: the greatest popularity, so far as regards a sensational work, is often followed by the most emphatic of all silence—utter neglect. It is the same with popular authors as with popular books. Many of these drawbacks would be obviated if the intellectual status of the bookseller were considerably raised; he should be in a position not merely to supply the newest craze in fiction, but to guide, or, if necessary, to direct, the public taste in literature and reading. The deficiencies and shortcomings of the bookselling trade are many; but they are not past mending. If every publisher in London could be induced to take up as strong a position on the subject as Mr. Heinemann, two-thirds of the battle would be won.

He is convinced of the urgent necessity of an organisation to protect the interests of book-producers and booksellers—interests which have not only been encroached upon by unqualified outsiders, but which have been almost ruined through a short-sighted policy of cut-throat and unscrupulous competition. To combat the evil, Mr. Heinemann knows but one remedy—a close and vigorous union. In this, as in all things, *L'union fait la force*.

W. R.

IRISH GAELIC LOVE-SONG.

Air, "I'd roam the world over with you."

"I'd roam the world over and over with you,
O Swan-neck and Lark-voice and Swift's-wing in shoe;
My Violets and Lilies and Rose-without-rue,
I'd roam the world over and over with you."

"If I roamed the world over, fond lover, with you,
And we met the rude mountains, now what should we do?"
"They would smooth themselves straight at one stroke of your shoe,
And I'd course their crests over and over with you."

"My fond, foolish lover, still roaming with you,
To ford the rough river, now, what should we do?"
"To one great shallow glass it would shrink at your view,
And admire, and admire, and admire you step through."

"But, ah! if still roaming, rash lover, with you,
We reached the dread desert, say, what should we do?"

"O, your sigh of soft balm would the wilderness woo,
To break into blossom so heavenly of hue,
That we'd rest at long last from our roaming, argh!"

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAYES.



MR. HEINEMANN.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

"IN A LOCKET," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

THE PLAY.

The title, certainly, is not wisely chosen, for the expert playgoer distrusts plays that are based on matters mechanical. I am sure that, if I were in Paris, unless I knew something about the piece, I should avoid it on account of such a title as "Dans un Médail-lon." On the other hand, the announcement that the lessees of the theatre are "The Paulton Comedies Company, Limited," might have drawn me; there is something very curious in the idea of forming a joint-stock company to exploit a man's brains. Fancy being treated as if one were a gold-mine, a soap-factory, a collection of chemists and druggists, or a patent pill, and having shares in one offered to the world! Indeed, had the play been other than it was, I should, in the number of things I am not going to say, have complained that there was nothing in the play so comical as the title of the management.



MR. HARRY PAULTON.
Photo by A. Ellis, Strand.

It is curious what a grudge one sometimes feels against an author because the goodness of his piece renders unusable the brilliant sarcasms that its title suggests! "In a Locket" undoubtedly reached this level. It is not a masterpiece of humour: at times, indeed, it is rather irritating; but, unless you are one of those who cannot find fun in Paulton humour, it will repay a visit after a little cutting has been done.

What is the Paulton humour? If a foreigner unacquainted with our tongue were to see a rehearsal of "In a Locket," he would believe that the piece is serious, and that the actor is a tragedian. The sum and substance of it is a grim, earnest, melancholy, monotonous manner, used by a little man with a quaint countenance. Mindful of this, Mr. Paulton, as author, writes his play so that, as actor, his manner shall be incongruous with the situation. "In a Locket," with little change, could be

converted from farce into serious comedy, of which Middleton Simpkin, the luckless fisherman, would be the heroic figure.

For Simpkin is a fisherman, and the first big laugh was when he appeared with rod and empty basket, and groaned out, "Not a bite." It is hard that a fisherman should have had such troubles as befell Middleton Simpkin, for fishermen—putting aside a harmless taste for useless mendacity—are most virtuous of men; and indeed, lately, when a thrifty friend of mine visited the pawnbrokers of London in search of a second-hand rod, he found that none had been pawned! Why, then, should such a man be actually tried on a



AS MIDDLETON SIMPKIN.
Photo by A. Ellis, Strand.

charge of bigamy of which he is guiltless, and subsequently get into fearful matrimonial tangles—as bad as those caused by an eel on the line of an inexperienced angler?

The locket was a valuable piece of stage machinery, for the gaudy trinket—which, in size, was somewhere between an ordinary locket and a pantechicon van—created greatest confusion, and in five minutes caused each member of two estimable and loving couples to believe that his or her adored one was faithless. One could wish that the detectives employed by Mrs. Simpkin to clear up her husband's character had been kept out

of the play, for it became too bewilderingly complicated, and probably no one of the audience, if put "on his oath," would assert that he understood all the ramifications of the intrigue. The acting was of an excellence that one hardly expected. Of Mr. Harry Paulton, I have, perhaps, said enough, though I should add that he caused shrieks of laughter. Mr. James Welch, one of our cleverest young actors, was exceedingly funny as a supercilious butler: a more prodigiously scornful creature could hardly be imagined, and there was no little touch of originality in his work. Mr. Welch was admirably balanced by Miss Julia Ward, an actress too rarely seen in London, who has an inimitable gift for presenting impudent, pretty, rather vulgar waiting-maids. Of two classes of "slavery," she and Miss Annie Goward alone seem to know the secret. Miss Annie Hill, as Mrs. Simpkin, by her tact and skill was very valuable. Miss Alice de Winton was pleasing, though ultra-pathetic, as the *ingénue*. Mr. Scott Buist acted with much ability as a young lover, nor should the cleverness of Mr. Laurence Cautley, in an old-man part, be overlooked.

The "first night" of "In a Locket" will long be remembered on account of what the Parliamentary reporter would call "An Incident in the House." When shouts of "Bogey" and hisses and groans were heard in the theatre, half the audience seemed utterly perplexed, and only regular "first-nighters" guessed that the demonstration was directed against one of our most prominent dramatic critics, on account

of the unfavourable notice that he wrote on Mr. H. V. Esmond's piece and his acting. It is to be hoped that this demonstration will not be taken as a precedent, or it would be another to the many obstacles between the critic and the telling of unpleasant truths. No doubt, to many of the "first-nighters" who had been delighted by "Bogey" and its author's acting, and had applauded enthusiastically at the St. James's, it was irritating to find what they admired so vigorously condemned in the criticism in question, and they may have thought it was unnecessary to use such heavy artillery of adjectives against a young man whose admitted ability and success seemed an excuse for an ambitious effort, even if, to some, it proved a failure. Yet they should remember that the critic's lot, like that of Mr. Gilbert's policeman, is not a happy one, and he should not thus be baited for doing what he deems his duty.



AS PETER AMOS DUNN IN "NIOBE."
Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MR. HARRY PAULTON, THE AUTHOR.

"My face is my fortune" might well be said by many actors, especially by the comedian, though in a different sense from that intended by the young woman who was interrupted in her dairy operations. Comicality in facial feature and even mean stature represent, in many cases, the foundation of a comfortable balance at one's bankers. It is to these negative qualities of physical beauty that Mr. Harry Paulton owed so much in his portrayal of Mr. Peter Dunn in "Niobe," a phenomenal success of his own, literarily and histrionically, for he wrote the play, and created his part. By the way, he didn't write the part for himself.

"And so you have gone back to the old Strand Theatre?" said I.

"Yes. You may well say 'old Strand.' Except Drury Lane, it has the longest history. Of course, the house has been rebuilt many times, and, not long ago, completely metamorphosed. And in the old house we have made a new departure in management. We are going to see if there are not other plums in the basket from which 'Niobe' was picked. In a word, a powerful syndicate is backing me up in producing a number of my plays, which have been written after collaboration with my son. If the first does not hit the bull's-eye of public favour and ring the bell, we have many other shots in the locker. 'In a Locket' was originally called 'A World of Trouble.'"

"Is there much in a name, do you think?"

"No two persons ever, I find, agree as to the excellence of a title. I remember that 'Niobe' and 'The Private Secretary' were generally condemned in the profession, but they turned out names with which to conjure up gold."

"Have you written many comedies?"

"A good number; but my earliest successes were in writing comic operas—'The Black Crook' and 'Don Quixote' for the Alhambra, 'Erminie' and 'Mynheer Jan' for the Comedy, and 'Les Manteaux Noirs' for the Avenue."

"And you took part in these, I believe?"

"Certainly. I appeared with some success as King Carot in 'The Black Crook,' and also as Cadeau in 'Erminie.'"

I felt inclined to ask if Sir Augustus Harris had ever offered him a part in grand opera, but I put the question differently.

"What is your voice, Mr. Paulton?"

With a twinkle in his eye, he replied, "Oh, it's a comedian's voice. By-the-bye, that reminds me of the story of the lady who waited on a well-known operatic impresario, soliciting an engagement. 'What is

originality of expression which distinguish the conversation of the American people."

"You yourself have been across the 'Great Drink'?"

"Oh, certainly! I appeared in several of my comic operas over there, and I played Arthur Williams's part in 'Dorothy' through the United States, besides taking a principal part in 'The Queen's Mate,' which here is better known as 'Pepita.'"

"Now tell me, Mr. Paulton, do you find the appreciation of humour to differ in quality or direction among various peoples? You know,



MISS ALICE DE WINTON, LEADING LADY AT THE STRAND THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHALKLEY, GOULD, AND CO., SOUTHAMPTON.

your voice, my dear?" said he. "Oh, it's a serio-comic, I believe," she answered, quite ingenuously.

"I can't understand how you collaborate with your son when he habitually lives in New York?"

"It's quite simple. It is only a question of the MSS. making a certain number of trips across the Atlantic—perhaps, like East India sherry, a series of voyages improves them. This is our method. When my son is occasionally over here, we discuss a plot. Then I make a synopsis of the incidents and general outline. My son then makes a rough draft of the work. I then take it over and put it into dramatic shape. I do the mere plodding part of the work—the dovetailing, chopping, and shaping. To him is all the credit due for smart dialogue and brilliant repartee. He has a perfect genius for that sort of writing, which is fostered undoubtedly by the quaint turns of speech and

Max O'Rell draws much distinction between the humour of John Bull and Brother Jonathan?"

"In such books you must always allow for much literary licence. Personally, I find little variation among English-speaking people, with the exception that the American public don't 'cotton' to puns. We had to cut many of them out of 'Erminie' when we took it round the States."

"I noticed that your letter of acceptance of my proposed call was headed with an E.C. address, although, perhaps, you're not a Cockney by birth?"

"No; I haven't that honour. I was born in Wolverhampton. Indeed, I never saw London till I was twenty. I had no family history launching me into the dramatic world at all. My taste for things dramatic was a matter entirely of personal—What am I saying? My late brother was a great dramatic writer; indeed, it was much of his unfinished work

to complete which spurred me on to put pen to paper. But what I mean is, that my parents and grandparents were not in the profession."

Mr. Harry Paulton, I may add, in conclusion, dabbles with the brush and the colour-box, and his *dilettanti* art his wife hangs on the walls of her drawing-room, reversing the dictum respecting the prophet in his own country.

THE LEADING LADY, MISS ALICE DE WINTON.

Miss Alice de Winton has been chosen by Mr. Paulton as the leading lady for the Strand. She is one of the prettiest and most promising of our younger actresses. She made her début at the same time as her sister, Miss Dora de Winton, who has been playing lead in nearly all the St. James's



"NOT A BITE ALL DAY."

Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.

pieces in the provinces for some little time past. It was on May 5, 1890, at the Princess's, in "Theodora," under Miss Grace Hawthorne's management, that Miss de Winton made her début on the stage. In order to gain experience, she spent some time in the provinces, touring with "Nixie," "The Middleman," and "The Solicitor." She made her London début in Miss Marion Terry's part in "Lord Anerley," playing the part at very short notice, and after only two rehearsals, owing to Miss Terry being suddenly taken ill. She remained with Mr. Alexander as Miss Terry's understudy. Mr. Alexander was so pleased with her that he offered her a three years' engagement, but, not liking to bind herself for so long, she did not accept it. After appearing as Rose Verney in Mr. Charrington's revival of "Forget-Me-Not," at the Avenue, she was engaged by the Brothers Gatti to play Violet Melrose in the last revival of "Our Boys" at the Vaudeville, just previous to Mr. David James's lamented death. She remained at the Vaudeville for a revival of "The Guv'nor," in which she made a hit as Aurelia Butterscotch. When Mr. Sheridan produced "A Trip to Chicago" at this theatre, Miss de Winton succeeded Miss Norreys, besides playing Ellen in "Sixes," which preceded it. She played Carrie Gyle in "Mrs. Othello" during the last week of that piece at Toole's Theatre, playing the same part when it was subsequently transferred to the Vaudeville. Miss de Winton is sometimes said to be one of the best-dressed women on the stage, and the originator of the now famous "De Winton curl." Miss Lucy Wilson, a recent recruit to the stage, is a sister of Miss Alice de Winton, and has a large share of the family talent.

HEARTLESS.

"But, Papa," pleaded the impassioned maiden; "he is the only man I love!"

"That's right!" replied the brutal old man; "I am glad that a daughter of mine does not love more than one man at a time."

"A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE," HIS PROTEST.

"I am sick of being taken from my grave
For the sake of manufacturing romance,
For I'm nothing but a slave
To the fashionable wave,"
Quoth the resurrected Gentleman of France.

"I imagined, in my folly, that decease
Would end the earthly worries of my dance;
Yet my grievances increase,
For I'm never given peace!"
Quoth the sorely troubled Gentleman of France.

"My biography was elegantly done,
The libraries of princes to enhance;
At present (by the ton)
I am sold by Smith and Son
On the bookstalls," quoth the Gentleman of France.

"An attitude of glory I would strike,
When mounted on a charger with a prance;
But your modern seems to like
An abortion called a 'bike,'"
Quoth the irritated Gentleman of France.

"In my lifetime I had never to consort
With the common herd by any kind of chance;
But now I've got to sport
With the 'fouk' of Thrums—in short,
I'm *déclassé*," quoth the Gentleman of France.

"I am frightened at the woman of to-day,
I look on Mistress Gallia askance;
Yet I'm forced to join the fray
With such Amazons as they,"
Quoth the melancholy Gentleman of France.

"I fought for all the ladies I adored,
Defending them with rapier and lance;
Which to-day would make them bored,
So I wish to be restored
To my coffin," quoth the Gentleman of France.

J. M. B.



"YES, AT LAST!"

Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.

MR. PAULTON AS AN ANGLER.

Photographs by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.



"I'VE GOT HIM!"



A BIG JACK AT LAST.



LANDING



LANDED.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



AU RÉVEIL.—P. CARRIER-BELLEUSE.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

ART NOTES.

We have heard much of late years on the fertility of the subject-picture, that picture which claims a particular side-interest by reason of any anecdote which it may happen to tell. There is Mr. Whistler, who



SPRING FLOWERS.—M. LUDOVICI.
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stands for the other side of the controversy, for ever telling us (with his tongue in his cheek) that he always makes for the subject-pictures in any gallery, just "to find out the story." We may allow, indeed, that the artistic element of any story in paint is not, so far as the mere story is concerned, very great; yet many painters have taken pains so great with this side of the question that they almost deserve the additional attention which their stories have secured to their pictures.

For example, we learn on excellent authority that it occupied no less than a year and a-half of the late artist P. F. Rothermet's lifetime to paint his sensational picture, "The Battle of Gettysburg." But, if the painting took him so long, the preparation took him twice that time. For three years he made it his occupation to "get up the facts" of the battle from officers who had actually taken part in the contest, and in studying the field and its neighbourhood. It was this extreme carefulness, rather than the artistic value of the work, which rightly merited the attention which the picture received. This same picture, by the way, had a somewhat romantic history. It was hung at the Chicago Exhibition, and was saved from the fire by being cut from its frame and carried away. For a time, it was in the care of a young artist, and, after visits to Pittsburg and Harrisburg, it finally found rest at the latter place.

It is quite impossible for us to feel any fervent enthusiasm for the Siddons memorial, in its present state of uncompleted subscription-lists; but we have a strong hope that, if another statue is to be erected upon some prominent public site, it may, at all events, not be unworthy of the art of sculpture. "Too many statues hast thou, O London!"—and too many, alas! to make the patriot weep and the scoffer scorn. When, however, a statue to the great actress was originally suggested by way of memorial, it was wisely contemplated to have a reproduction in marble or bronze of Sir Joshua's celebrated picture of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse. Money, however, is not forthcoming for so ambitious an undertaking, and so "the statue must necessarily assume a less expensive form."

For some reason or other it appears that "a representation of the great actress, in one or other of her favourite characters," is a less expensive form of memorial; and that is the form, therefore, which it will finally assume. As to the site, it is in Paddington, "is the centre of a finely timbered open space," and it "has been gracefully granted by the Vestry for the purpose named," to quote the words of the Paddington Vestry Clerk and hon. sec. to the Siddons Memorial Committee. The same gentlemen has a modest suggestion to make, which may or may not be met with wild enthusiasm. It is well known that the admiring people of Brecon, Mrs. Siddons's birthplace, are engaged in raising subscriptions for a memorial to the actress in their native town. "May I respectfully suggest, in

the event of a failure to raise a Welsh memorial, that the money collected at Brecon might be fittingly contributed towards the completion of the Paddington statue?"

The proposal is a modest one, indeed. We do not attempt to fathom the feelings of the people of Brecon upon the subject; but perhaps it would not be altogether unreasonable if they retorted by "respectfully suggesting" that, in the event of there not being sufficient money for the Paddington statue, the subscriptions should be given to Brecon. The answer would probably be that Paddington will have its statue, if it be of no more than the flea that once bit Mrs. Siddons's neck. It is a little selfish, perhaps; but that kind of attitude usually carries a great deal with it.

When the Devil, in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's well-known poem, insisted upon whispering those terrible words, "It's pretty, but is it Art?" he meant, as we all know, to put a tremendous poser before that poor humanity at which he was jeering. But there is a gentleman, exceedingly well known and deservedly honoured among archaeologists, and particularly among Egyptologists, who scorns the difficulty of the Devil's question. Mr. Flinders Petrie in his lecture, the other day, before the British Association—a body famous, as we know, for its discoveries in every region of human knowledge—and dealing with the solemn subject of anthropology, answered the difficulty as a sort of easily settled side-issue. "The artistic side of anthropology," he declared, had hardly been enough appreciated. And he then proceeded to make this comfortable but exciting observation: "The theory of art has been grounded more assuredly by anthropological research than by all the speculations that have been spun. The ever-recurring question, 'What is Art?' whether in form or literature, has been answered clearly and decidedly." Unfortunately, however, Mr. Petrie, having declared the clearness and decision of the answer, by no means explains what the answer is. "When we contrast," says he, "a row of uninteresting individualities with the ideal beauty and expression of a composite portrait compounded from these very elements, we are on the surest ground for knowing how such a beautiful result is obtained." That is all very well, of course. But will Mr. Flinders Petrie be good enough to explain what is "the ideal beauty" of which he possesses so unerring a conception?



THE LAST MATCH.—FRANK RICHARDS.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

PRINCESS KÁROLY'S LOVE-STORY.

BY NORA HOPPER.

"It is quite certain that they will shoot me," said Princess Károly, looking her fellow-prisoner squarely in the face. "My husband will never pay all those frames down for me—he will not think me worth it."

"The cur!" said the Irishman fiercely. The Princess laughed softly.

"How do you know that I am worth it?" she asked lightly.

"Believe me, Mr. Gildea, the world will say my husband is well rid of me. I was going to demand a separation from him in the autumn, and now— Ah well! a scandal will be prevented, and the best of Messieurs les brigands' drugs are that their effect is lasting."

"Lasting indeed!" Gerald Gildea's eyes laughed back into hers: then they grew grave again. "I'm glad little Lucy's ransom was so promptly paid."

"Are you engaged to her?" the Princess asked quickly. "They told me so—in Ajaccio."

"They told you lies in Ajaccio, Madame. Lucy is heart-free for me."

"Ohó!" and the Princess laughed softly to herself. "And when will they pay your ransom, Mr. Gildea?"

"When yours is paid, Madame."

"At the Greek Kalends?" The Princess's face was white under her sunburn, but her eyes laughed still. Gildea bent his head gravely.

"At the Greek Kalends, Princess. Did you expect it to be otherwise?"

"I—I—no. What need for more lies now, when we are going to die, Gerald?"

"No need at all—now. Do you know, Princess, I have never heard your Christian name?"

"Have you not? It is not a pretty name—Zenobia."

"It is an imperious kind of name—it suits you."

"You think so? Ah! never mind. How old are you, Gerald? Twenty-five? And I am thirty. Neither of us old, and yet neither of us very sorry that we shall have our throats cut in a day or so."

"Hush! Do not speak of it."

"But I must speak. I am curious. I wonder how it will feel, if it will hurt much. Like your Queen Anne Bullen, I have a little neck. I would rather be shot, I think, but these Corsicans are so ready with their knives. A-ah!" and she shuddered a little. "Do you believe in Paradise and Purgatory, and all that, Gerald? I was a good Catholic once, but now—"

"I believe in everything, Princess, although I am a Protestant."

"Ah, happy you!" the Princess sighed. "Have you a mother, Mr. Gildea, or a sister?"

"Both," Gerald Gildea answered, and for a moment there came into his blue eyes the shadow of a half-conquered pain. It had beset him an hour or two before, when the American girl's ransom had arrived, and she had turned to him for one moment with a dumb entreaty in her eyes. She was going back to home and friends—her look seemed to say—would not he at least send word to those who loved him of the peril in which he stood? The money would be paid at once, Gerald Gildea knew; but then he must leave behind the Princess, she whom her friends called the loveliest, and her enemies the worst woman in Russia. It was only death the Princess need fear, Gildea knew, too, for he was aware that she had one bosom friend that would help her from any worse fate. And so thinking, he made up his mind to abide the end with her.

"Our jailers are busy playing *morra*," said the Princess, breaking in upon his thoughts. "Shall we play too, Gerald? You do not know how? Fie! Come, shut your eyes and guess how many fingers I hold up— Well, what are you thinking of to make you look so grave? A woman? Tell me her name."

"Alice and Honor."

The Princess's straight brows met in a frown. Perhaps she had expected to hear her own name.

"Two women?" she said, with an odd little laugh. "Are they pretty women, then? Tell me about them."

"My mother is lovely, not pretty," Gerald Gildea said gravely.

"Honor is not pretty either, but she has the pleasantest face in the world."

"You speak as if you were sorry for her," the Princess said, in an altered voice. "Is your sister delicate?"

"She is a hopeless cripple. At least, she will never be able to walk as long as she lives. But I ought not to have called her hopeless. There never was a merrier creature than my sister Honor."

"And your mother? Her name is Alice, you said. Tell me about her, Gerald."

"My mother—I have nothing to tell of her, Princess."

"You said she was lovely. Is she fair, or dark, like you?"

"Dark, like me; darker, I think. Do not let us speak of my mother, Princess."

"Ah!" the Princess said, under her breath. Then she leaned forward, and laid her hand on the Irishman's locked fingers. "My

dear!" she whispered softly, as her hand was taken and held tightly; "my dear!"

The banditti were still playing *morra*, though the moon was well up in the sky, and the losers were cursing in good set terms. But the prisoners were sleeping—that is to say, Gerald Gildea was sleeping as soundly as a child, with a heap of grass for a pillow; but though the shadow of a great rock was over the Princess also, she was wide awake, and not a word of their captors' talk had she lost, as she sat crouched in the shadows, looking up at the slender sickle of the moon with wide, intent eyes. Presently she put her fingers into her ears to shut out the loud laughter and louder oaths; but her thoughts would not fall into coherent shape even then. Something thus they ran—

"They will kill us to-night. I heard them say so. I wonder if Gerald knows. How can he sleep like that? I am not a coward, yet I could not sleep. Or am I a coward, after all? I hardly know. Oh me! I know nothing; I have wasted my life. What will Ivan say. I wonder? He can instal La Mascotte in my rooms now. And how ill the blue satin will go with her red hair! Perhaps Ivan will be sorry, for a little: he was fond of me once. Poor Ivan! I dare say it was more than half my fault that we were so unhappy. I wonder what they will do with us when we are dead. Will they bury us or throw us into the sea? They'll bury us, perhaps, because of the hue and cry. Are they moving over there? I think they are. I wonder I am not more frightened, if I am a coward." She closed her eyes for a moment, murmuring an incoherent little prayer.

"Forgive me—and him—and make us happy somewhere, dear Heaven. And make Ivan happy too—and comfort those two women, Honor and Alice. And because he stayed for my sake, do Thou lay his death at my door. Amen, Amen."

Then she opened her eyes, and took her fingers from her ears, for, as she said to herself, it did not become a Károly to die huddled up like a rabbit in a burrow. They were whispering together again, and she listened eagerly, her face flushing and paling alternately.

"They have been drinking," she said to herself, putting her hand to the friend that lay snugly in the bosom of her gown. "What is it they say? Whose beauty do they want to spoil? Please God, mine."

Then a wavering footstep came towards her, and a cold fear suddenly smote the Princess, holding her fast so that she could not speak or shriek, though in some occult way she knew that her companion in danger was awake. Gildea rose up on his elbow, and waited quietly; in her corner the Princess crouched, listening intently. She could hear steps and whispers, and, though not a sound came from Gildea, she knew that they were about their devil's work. There was a dull silence, and then a very faint moan, scarcely more than a sigh, but Princess Károly heard it, and leapt to her feet, thrusting her hand into her bosom. She went straight to the place where he lay, gave one steady look into the blinded eyes, and then, with something like a smile on her lips, drew her hand from her bosom and sent a merciful bullet straight into his heart. Then she dropped on her knees, and caught the brown head to her bosom, kissing the marred face with heartbroken kisses, and whispering tender words into the ears that could not hear her—tender words that now her husband hears her murmuring in her sleep o' nights. For, five minutes after her bullet had found its billet in Gerald Gildea's heart, a mule came down the road from Ajaccio, laden with her ransom-money. Again, Fate had been unkind to Princess Károly.

MADAME CAVALLAZZI.

The celebrated mime whose portrait is given on the opposite page was formerly well known as an exponent of the orthodox Italian school of dancing. Those who recollect the opera in the days of Her Majesty's Theatre can recall many an exquisite performance by the subject of this brief note. Her intelligence and individuality gave the necessary finishing touches to a technique which showed the Milanese school at its best, and what Madame Patti was to the world of song, Madame Cavallazzi was to the art of the dance. It is only of late years that she has abandoned the rôle of *première*, and taken to pantomime. Here, too, her success has been complete, although the demand for over-elaboration may have given a melodramatic touch to some of her famous impersonations. We shall not easily forget her Orfeo, and her Faust is worthy of high praise. She alone reaches and sustains a note of tragedy, and wakes us from a dream of fair faces and glittering pageantry to the fact that Goethe's tragedy does not lose its intensity even in the novel form of ballet. Madame Cavallazzi has mastered the rhythm of movement; she fully understands and expresses the value and use of every muscle, while her stage deportment is one for would-be actors and actresses to study. In private life the Empire Faust is Mrs. Charles Mapleson, a travelled and cultured lady, in whose company it is impossible to spend a dull half-hour. Her anecdotes, many of which have appeared in these columns, recall some of the most interesting personalities of the operatic world, and they are told with a vivacity and force that wake their subjects to life.



MADAME CAVALLAZZI AS FAUST, AT THE EMPIRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

THE FRUITS OF THE FIELD.

Most of us still think of Canada as a land of snow and ice, despite all that the energetic High Commissioner can do to remove the impression from our minds. We know that Canada has a summer, and, if we think for a moment, we remember that it often is uncomfortably hot there. Every visitor to Canadian cities in midsummer has seen the blocks of ice outside each house—blocks which are mere wet daubs on the "sidewalk" very soon after the ice-cart has passed along. But then, few of us have visited Canada, and so to most the magnificent ice-palace at Montreal, the famous toboggan-slide at Ottawa, the snow-shoeing expeditions everywhere, and tales of snow-blocks on the railways and ice-blocks on the rivers are the most typical features of Canadian life. The accompanying photograph has quite another tale to tell. It represents one of the vineyards which encourage Ontario folk to call their Province the "Garden of Canada." There are, in that one section of Canada, two

and more attention paid to the wonderful agricultural and fruit-raising capacities of the Pacific Slope of Canada. It is the California of the North, and its tinned and bottled fruits may in time be as widely known among British housekeepers as are its famous Fraser River and Skeena salmon.

More familiar, of course, is the homely hop which has been gathered during the last few weeks. In spite of the unremunerative nature of his business, the much-enduring Kentish farmer still continues to lay out annually large sums of money on the culture of the most picturesque, most costly, and most capricious of farm products—the hop. With indomitable enterprise and perseverance, and in the face of innumerable difficulties, he manfully wages war against the countless insect-pests that from spring to autumn threaten him with ruin, and the result is that many thousands of our poor Londoners are still enabled to break the monotony of their joyless existence by a few weeks' health-giving picnic in the beautiful "Garden of England." The ingathering of this season's crop is now proceeding apace, and, judging from the rapid manner in which the gardens are being cleared, it seems but too probable that the lower estimates of the



VINEYARD NEAR HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

million bearing grape-vines, one-half of which are in the fertile district of Lake Ontario. The Ontario apple we know well on English tables, almost as well as we know the Ontario cheese. There are seven million bearing apple-trees in the Province, and the annual cheese produced is one hundred million pounds in weight. The high colour of the Canadian Baldwins and the rich flavour of the Canadian Cheddar speak of the bright sunshine of the Canadian summer and the quality of Canadian pastures. The Ontario grape we do not know, and are not likely to know, in England, for the more prolific vines of Southern Europe and of Australia put it into the shade as a product for export to British markets. But it has a very respectable place in the economy of North America, and the photograph here reproduced shows what an abundant yield will reward careful and systematic culture. In future years we may hear a good deal of the British Columbia grape. The Pacific Province is the gem of the Canadian group. Just now, the eyes of all men on the American continent are turned towards its gold mines, and wonderful tales of rich finds come down to Vancouver and Victoria almost every day from the Kootenay and Cariboo regions. Gold is a good magnet to attract attention and population, but a poor product from the point of view of permanent progress, and each year sees more

total yield will prove to be the most accurate. The quality of the hops, however, is all that can be desired by the most fastidious of brewers, the tropical weather recently experienced having imbued the healthy cones, on rich and generously cultivated soils, with more brewing quality or "condition" than has been met with for many years. The illustrations given on the opposite page depict one of the most favoured spots in mid-Kent—the Yotes Court Farm, Mereworth—where Viscountess Torrington, by high-class farming, is generally successful in producing one of the choicest little growths in the district.

During the recent spell of hot weather across the Channel, the management of a generally successful French theatre had a very unpleasant and unusual experience. One night, the doors were opened at the ordinary time, and the curtain went up on the first piece, which was duly played. By this time, however, the box-office people had found out that there was only forty francs in the house. So the members of the sparse audience were invited to withdraw, their money was returned to them, and the iron curtain of the stage was lowered, after a performance of unprecedented brevity.

THE HOP-PICKING SEASON.

Photographs by Messrs. Clarke and Co., Maidstone.



SOME JULIETS OF THE PAST.



MRS. KEMBLE (1783).

Of the performances of "Romeo and Juliet" in Shakspeare's own day no tradition is preserved. The first Juliet of whom we have any record—the first woman-Juliet, as opposed to boy-Juliet, who ever trod the boards—was Mrs. (that is, Miss) Saunderson, afterwards known as Mrs. Betterton. Of her performance—at Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1662—nothing is recorded, though Doran does not fail to romance about it. The Romeo was Harris, Betterton's only rival among the younger actors; Betterton himself played Mercutio. The Hon. James Howard, Dryden's brother-in-law, provided the play with a new ending, Romeo and Juliet remaining alive at the close, "so that, when the tragedy was reviv'd again," says Downes, "'twas play'd alternately, tragically one day, and tragicomical another, for several days together." In 1680, Otway wove the story of "Romeo and Juliet" into his "Caius Marius," about half of which was lifted bodily from Shakspeare; and this "history" seems to have superseded Shakspeare's play on the stage for more than half a century. Thus, neither Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, nor Mrs. Oldfield ever appeared as Juliet, and we have to leap from Mrs. Betterton to Miss Jenny Cibber, Colley's grand-daughter, who played the part at the Haymarket in 1744, to the Romeo of her father, Theophilus Cibber. Thus resuscitated, the great love-tragedy of the world was never again suffered to lapse into disuse, and every generation for the past century and a half has had not only its Juliet, but its bevy of Juliets.

The first actress whose rendering of the part we find described in any detail is Mrs. Cibber, who played it at Drury Lane, in 1748, to the Romeo of Barry. When she and Barry, two years later, seceded to Covent Garden, they opened in these, their most popular, characters; while Garrick, at Drury Lane, produced the same play on the same evening, himself playing Romeo to the Juliet of George Anne Bellamy. Except in one or two individual passages, Garrick was probably inferior to Barry, and there is little doubt that the Drury Lane Juliet was throughout inferior to Mrs. Cibber. Mrs. Bellamy, according to Francis Gentleman, "excelled in amorous rapture," while Mrs. Cibber "called every power of distress and despair to her aid." "If we ask," says Hill in the *Actor* (1755), "why Mrs. Cibber is more herself in Juliet than in any other character, it is because Mrs. Cibber has an heart more formed for love than for any other passion; and if we approve Miss Bellamy in her declarations of love in the same character more than in any other, it is because she has an heart also more susceptible of tenderness than of any



MISS BRUNTON.



MISS F. H. KELLY.

on an audience which was resolved to applaud her mother's daughter. Nevertheless, she presently faded into obscurity. From this time forward Juliets abound. The part became, as it remains, a favourite one with débutantes. ("You must help me," says Lady Muriel in "A Pantomime Rehearsal." "I've had so little experience. I've never played anything but Juliet.") "A young gentlewoman," afterwards Mrs. Mattocks, makes her début in the part at Covent Garden in 1761. At the same theatre Mrs. Jackson, in 1776, plays it to the Romeo of Ward. On her benefit night, May 11, 1789, Mrs. Siddons acted Juliet for the first time in London, to the Romeo of her brother, John Philip Kemble. She was at this time thirty-four (Mrs. Cibber, by the way, first played the part at the same age), and her physical proportions were not in her favour. "But," says her biographer, Boaden, "the art of the great actress made a powerful struggle against her natural strength, so that, at times, the ascendancy of the mother and the nurse did not seem preposterous and incredible." The part never held a place in her repertory. Mrs. Jordan, too, played Juliet once or twice, but did not shine in it any more than Mrs. Siddons. One of the best Juliets of the close of the last century was Mrs. Stephen Kemble, whom a critic in *Blackwood* describes as "delicious." He adds that, though she was not so lovely as Miss O'Neill, "her eyes had far more of that unconsciously alluring expression of innocence and voluptuousness." It was on Oct. 6, 1814, that Eliza O'Neill made her



MISS PHILLIPS (1831).

other passion." The same critic declares that he who has seen Mrs. Cibber in the potion-scene "has seen all that is possible to be conveyed this way, of terror." It appears that "the disproportion in stature between Barry and Mrs. Cibber" verged upon the ludicrous, but that the genius of the actors carried it off. Between Garrick and Mrs. Bellamy the disproportion was probably all the other way. Mrs. Cibber falling into ill-health, Barry, in 1753, found another Juliet in a new actress, Miss Nossiter, scarcely older than the Juliet of Shakspeare. "She was possessed," says Tate Wilkinson, "of a handsome fortune and a genteel education, and" (what was, perhaps, of more importance) "strong sensibility and feeling." Moreover, "it added to the performance that Romeo and Juliet were really in love, and well known to be so." This lady was successful in Juliet, but did not fulfil the promise she thus gave. The same may be said of Miss Pritchard, who played the part at Drury Lane in 1756 to the Romeo of Garrick. She was introduced by her mother, the great Lady Macbeth, who played Lady Capulet for the occasion, and her extraordinary beauty made a great impression



FANNY KEMBLE.

first appearance in London, at Covent Garden, in the part of Juliet. "Through my whole experience," Maeready declares, "hers was the only representation of Juliet I have seen. 'She is alone the Arabian bird.'" In another place, speaking of her as "a remarkable instance of self-abandonment in acting," he says, "She was an entirely modest woman; yet, in acting with her, I have been nearly smothered with her kisses." Criticising her first performance, Hazlitt said—

In the silent expression of feeling, we have seldom witnessed anything finer than her acting, where she is told of Romeo's death, her listening to the Friar's story of the poison, and her change of manner towards the Nurse, when she advises her to marry Paris. Her delivery of the speeches in the scenes where she laments Romeo's banishment, and anticipates her waking in the tomb, marked the fine play and undulation of natural sensibility, rising and falling with the gusts of passion, and at last worked up into an agony of despair, in which imagination approaches the brink of frenzy. . . . Miss O'Neill seemed least successful in the garden scene, &c. The expression of tenderness bordered on hoydening and affectation. The character of Juliet is a pure effusion of nature. There is not the slightest appearance of coquetry in it, no sentimental languor, no meretricious assumption of fondness to take her lover by surprise. She ought not to laugh when she says, "I have forgot why I did call thee back," as if conscious of the artifice, nor hang in a fondling posture over the balcony.

Between Miss O'Neill and Miss Fanny Kemble, the most noteworthy Juliet was Miss Phillips, who cannot, however, be regarded as an actress of the first rank. On Oct. 5, 1829, when the fortunes of Covent Garden were at a very low ebb, an attempt was made to revive them by bringing out Charles Kemble's daughter, Mrs. Siddons's niece, in the part of Juliet, her father playing Mercutio, and Abbott Romeo. Fanny Kemble may or may not have been a great actress, but a clever woman she undoubtedly was, and her account of her first appearance ("Records of a Girlhood," Vol. II.) is delightful reading. She was successful in

arousing the keenest interest, if not in entirely satisfying the critics. Leigh Hunt was especially severe on her. She played the part, he said, in "the regular conventional tragic style, both in voice and manner, maintaining it with little variation the whole evening." Talfourd, on the other hand, was enthusiastic. "Miss Kemble," he wrote, "gives the part a depth of tragic tone which none of her predecessors whom we have seen ever gave to it. Miss O'Neill, loth as we are to forget her fascinations, used to lighten the earlier scenes with some girlish graces that were accused of being infantine. Be this as it may, there were certainly a hundred prettinesses



MISS VANDENHOFF.

enacted by hundreds of novices in the character, which Miss Kemble at once repudiated with the wise audacity of genius. . . . As the tragedy deepened, her powers are developed in unison with the strengthened decision of purpose which the poet gives to the character." Two years earlier, a Juliet whose career in England was obscure enough, had taken Paris by storm, "revealed to Alexandre Dumas the full possibilities of the romantic drama, and inspired Hector Berlioz with the passion of his life." This was Harriet Smithson, "a young lady with a figure and face of Hibernian beauty," says Fanny Kemble, "whose superfluous native accent was no drawback to her merits in the esteem of her French audience." Charles Kemble was her Romeo. Among the accepted Juliets of the middle years of the

century was Miss Vandenhoff, daughter of the "respectable" tragedian of that name. An enthusiastic critic, in Tallis's "Portrait Gallery," extols her for "that gorgeous and dreamy oblivion which surrenders all to her sublime and passionate love." About this time, too, Miss Susan Cushman played Juliet, with some success, to the Romeo of her sister Charlotte. Many playgoers now living may remember the Juliet of Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), who has given such a charming account of her first performance of the part at the old Richmond Theatre. She was a mere child, and it was her first appearance. "When the time came to drink the potion, there was none, for the phial had been crushed in my hand, the fragments of glass were eating their way into the tender palm, and the blood was trickling down in a little stream over my pretty dress. This had been for some time apparent to the audience, but the Juliet knew nothing of it, and felt nothing, until the red stream arrested her attention. . . . This never occurred again, because they ever afterwards gave me a wooden phial. But oh, my dress! I was inconsolable."



MISS O'NEILL.

THE "MASTERPIECE LIBRARY."

I cannot withhold my humble tribute of admiration from Mr. Stead for his "Masterpiece Library" of poetry. The idea was a splendid one, and it has been thoroughly well carried out. The poets of to-day, and their publishers, have fallen in with the idea and behaved generously, while it is easy to predicate that their generosity will meet with due reward. It is impossible to publish more than a selection of a poet's works, but this selection will, in many cases, be the first medium of acquaintance between many readers and some poets. The benefit conferred by the "Penny Poets" upon the impecunious cannot be estimated. We all know men who would gladly give up their dinner for a book. I am not one of this class myself, but my admiration for it is profound; and now that Mr. Stead has enabled enthusiasts to have their meal and their book, I take off my hat to him. In the country, too, literature is not very well looked after. Local libraries have the alleged masterpieces of half a century ago, and devote the rest of their room to second-rate sensational fiction. B.



MISS SMITHSON AND CHARLES KEMBLE AS ROMEO AND JULIET.



A TURKISH DANCER.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



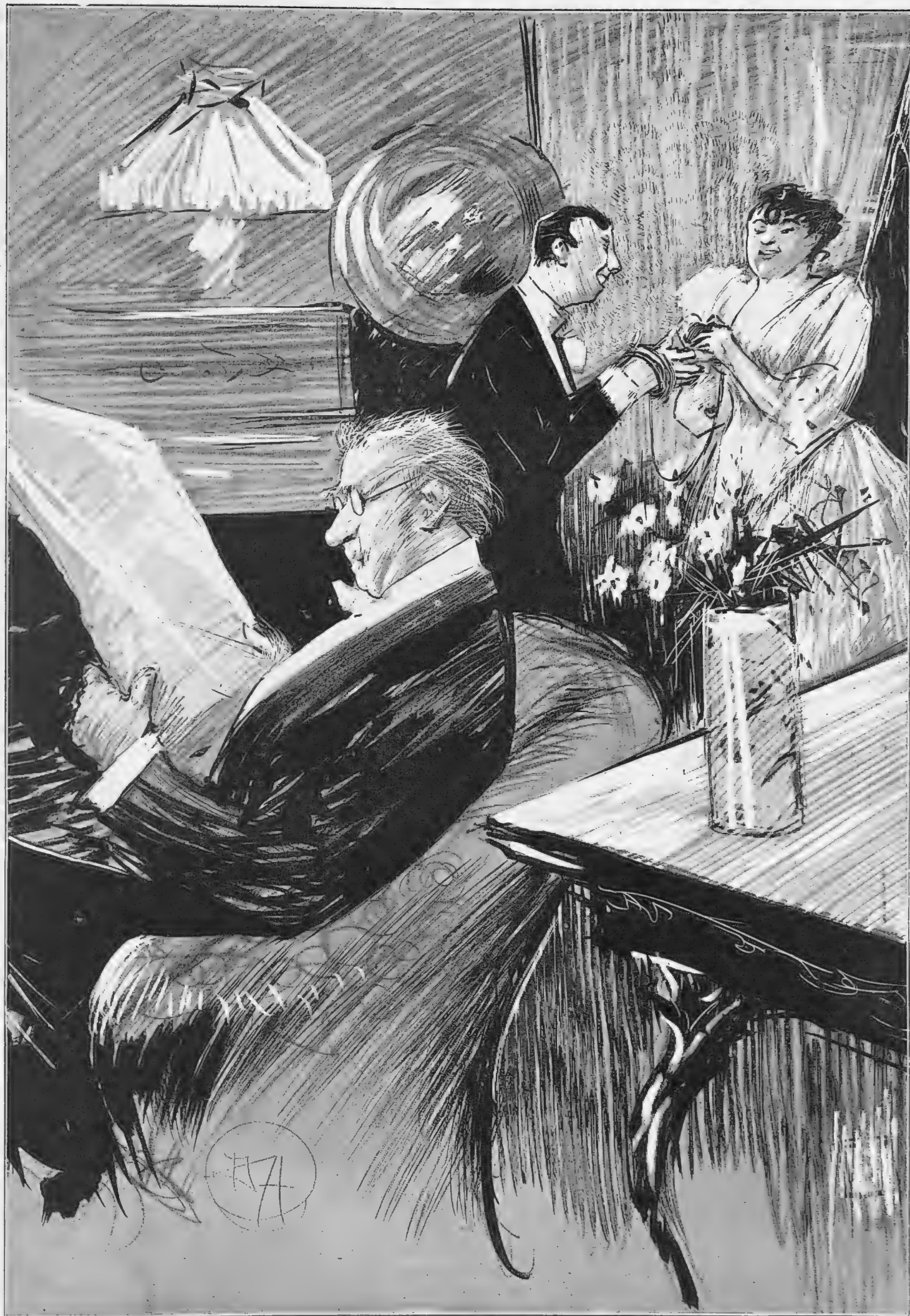
HUSBAND : I do think it unkind of you to wear that hat ; you never wear anything I like.
WIFE : I don't wear it to please you, dear, but to worry Mrs. Vere de Vere.



MUSIC AT HOME.

PROSPECTIVE LODGER: Yes; I think the rooms will do. By the way, I hope no one in the house plays the piano?

PROSPECTIVE LANDLADY: My youngest, sir, but she's only a beginner.



HENPECKED HUSBAND: What delightful, peaceful evenings we do spend when her young friend comes round!



RED-FACED PARTY : Wot 's 'e a-sketchin' ov, Bill ?

SURLY ONE : Wy, you, yer silly bloke, but 'e ain't a-goin' to paint yer.

RED-FACED PARTY : Wy not ?

SURLY ONE : 'Cos 'e says you 'd set the bloomin' paper on fire.

THE DUKE OF YORK AND HIS MONUMENT.

The column at Carlton Gardens which commemorates the late Duke of York is such a familiar object to Londoners that its removal would be equivalent to the effacement of one of our metropolitan landmarks, and the recent rumours as to its instability can hardly fail to produce a certain feeling of regret in the public mind, in spite of the absence of any great historical association or special architectural merit. The present generation may have forgotten the circumstances under which the structure was erected, and a few facts relating thereto may not, perhaps, be altogether inopportune.



THE DUKE OF YORK, 1827.

Frederick Augustus, the second son of George IV., was born in 1763, and in 1764 he was elected to the bishopric of Osnaburg by the influence of his father as Elector of Hanover. Preferments of various kinds rapidly followed, although none of them were quite so scandalous as the first. This episcopal office was held (merely for the rich revenue, of course) until the Prince attained his majority, when he was created Duke of York and Albany.

and indulgence in gambling, and his tendency to dissipation generally, afforded suitable subjects for the caricaturists and wits of his time.

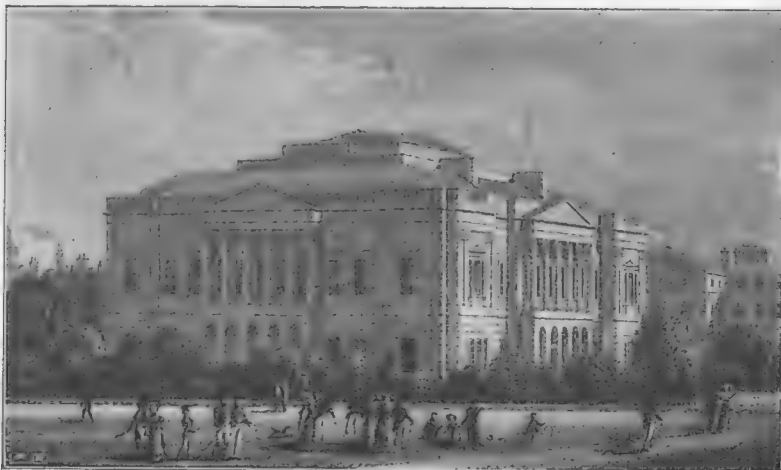
Notwithstanding these blemishes of character, the Duke must have been a very popular man, and, in the latter years of his life, he enjoyed a good deal of respect, if not affection.

York House, now named Stafford House, one of the finest private mansions in the Metropolis, was built for his residence, but he did not live long enough to inhabit it. The Duke died in 1827, and, in order to do honour to his memory, it was determined to raise an imposing monument. The sum of £25,000 was collected, towards which every individual of the military service contributed one day's pay: The Duke of York's Column, at Carlton Gardens, is the result.

The total height of the monument is 136 feet. The column, which is in the Tuscan style, was designed by B. Wyatt, and is surmounted by a bronze statue representing the Duke of York in the robes of the Order of the Garter. An extremely fine and extensive view is to be obtained from the top on a clear day, but for some years past it has been



THE DUCHESS OF YORK, 1827.



YORK HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S PARK, 1828.



THE DUKE OF YORK AT ROUBAIX.

In 1793 the Duke took command of the English contingent despatched to Flanders to co-operate with the Austrian Army under the Prince of Coburg. The figure he cut as a military commander was of a character which even his admirers were unable to pronounce brilliant, and, as one writer has recently remarked, the campaigns of 1793, 1794, and 1795 served to prove that the Duke of York was not a born military commander. Yet he was the son of a king, and, although he had not improved his reputation by his foreign service, it was necessary to heap distinction upon him. Accordingly, he was made a Field-Marshal in 1795, and Commander-in-Chief in 1798.

Generally speaking, the Duke was popular in military and civil circles. He had kindly manners, a generous disposition, and a handsome face. He appears to have been possessed of some nobility of mind, for, in the duel with Colonel Lennox, he refused to take advantage when his adversary missed aim. His courage, although lauded by some biographers, is a somewhat doubtful point. Perhaps the only remarkable exhibition of it is to be found in the determined way in which he cut his way through the Republican forces at Roubaix in endeavouring to make his escape. The Duke's scandalous connection with Mary Ann Clarke, a notorious "actress" of the day, his inveterate love of

found absolutely necessary, on account of the dilapidation of the stonework, which renders it very unsafe, to exclude the sight-seeing public from the interior of the column.

E. H.



THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN.

THE LYCEUM TYBALT.

Mr. Will Dennis, the new Tybalt, has now a recognised position on the ladder of histrionic fame, and he has climbed it from the very lowest rung. He was educated for the medical profession, and, indeed, took the highest

qualification in surgery to be obtained in this country. Even from a theatrical point of view, those years of medical study cannot be said to have been altogether wasted, for the opportunities he then had for observing human nature must have been of the greatest service to him on the stage. Then, again, the knowledge of anatomy is helpful in the "art of making up"; and in that art Mr. Dennis is a past-master and second to none, as was shown by his excellent "make-ups" as the Earl of Dorincourt in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mr. Deakin in "Sowing the Wind," and Joe Hurst in "The Showman's Daughter." Mr. Dennis is another link, and a strong one, between the Church and stage, for he comes



MR. WILL DENNIS.

of an old clerical family, his father having held a London living, and his grandfather having been a Canon of Durham Cathedral. He had, from childhood, an intense love of the dramatic art, which eventually proved stronger than all opposing influences, and he gradually drifted stagewards.

During this period of transition he founded a dramatic club, and essayed such parts as Hugh de Brass in "A Regular Fix," March Hare in "He's a Lunatic," Puff in "The Critic," Lord Lyndsay in



AS JOE HURST IN "THE SHOWMAN'S DAUGHTER."

"The Dowager," and, in his own words, "with the proverbial temerity of an amateur, even attacked such parts as David Garrick and Shylock." These attempts were favourably noticed from time to time, and from them, no doubt, Mr. Dennis gained very valuable experience before joining the professional ranks. His first professional appearance was made in June 1882, at the Crystal Palace, in the late Miss Lytton's company, in "She Stoops to Conquer"; but it was not until nearly three years later that the stage became his only source of income, when, through Mr. Comyns Carr's influence, he procured an engagement with Mrs. Bernard Beere to play in "Masks and Faces," "Fédora," &c. Then, for several years after that, he devoted himself to dramatic recitals, having a répertoire of some fifty pieces.

Afterwards, in 1891, came the production of "The Showman's Daughter," by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, and in it he played the juvenile lead, though the following year, when it was produced under the authoress's management in town, he was given the leading rôle of Joe Hurst, and in it made an instantaneous success, and was much praised by the London Press. The summer of '92 he spent in America, and, on his return, went on tour with "The Real Little Lord Fauntleroy," playing the Earl of Dorincourt with great success—a creation we shall doubtless see in London should the much-talked-of revival come off. On returning to town in '93, he went to the Adelphi to play the Earl of Arlington in "The Black Domino," and in the autumn of the same year was engaged by Mr. Comyns Carr for the part of the solicitor in "Sowing the Wind." Subsequently, Mr. Dennis was offered Mr. Brandon Thomas's part on tour, but, rather than go into the provinces again, he preferred to create the small part of David Garrick in "Dick Sheridan," which was produced

early in 1894. In the next play, "Frou-Frou," he was allotted the rôle of the Baron de Cambri, but, later on, during the illness of Mr. Thomas, he played the leading rôle of De Sartoris, making a most marked success in it. In the autumn, Mr. Comyns Carr offered him the responsible office of producing "The New Woman" in New York, an offer he was unable to accept, owing to being previously engaged to Mr. Chudleigh, at the Court, for the part of Mr. Bentham in "The Gay Widow." From there he went to the Garrick, for Mr. Egerton, M.P., in "Slaves of the Ring," after which he returned to the Comedy for Lord Killarney, M.P., in "A Leader of Men." Since then, much of his time has been spent on the Continent, arranging for the production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," in both French and German. The success of Mr. Dennis's acting lies in its naturalness, absence of effort, and extreme finish, and, as Joe Hurst and De Sartoris, he disclosed a force and emotional capacity which some day should raise him to the very front rank in the theatrical profession. He had a very tempting offer to go to America with Miss Olga Nethersole, but again he was true to his birthplace, and preferred to remain "at home."

By the way, there is a notable new recruit to the noble army of cyclists in the person of the present Lyceum Romco, who has lately been seen carefully wheeling his way up from the Strand towards his home in Bedford Square. This reminds one that an observant gentleman has been holding forth strongly on the harm done to the old-fashioned system of courtship by the present prevalence of cycling. Only a comparatively small percentage of the marriageable maidens of the day have the pluck or the desire to accompany their swains on long cycling expeditions, say, along the Brighton and Portsmouth roads, and the consequence is that "the girls are left behind," while the young fellows, as often as not in parties of ten or fifteen, drift into a Bohemian sort of existence, with roadside inns for temporary resting-places. All these things are anything but conducive to love-making as our parents knew it. A prophecy was recently noticed concerning the utility of the cycling chaperon, but her time has not yet come. Indeed, transatlantic chaperons of the "common or walking" sort are beginning to complain that their occupation is gone, and that they are being ousted by the well-groomed and presentable gentlemen instructors from the cycling-schools, who accompany the Columbian damsels on wheeling bent. The problems thus raised are quite novel, and will have to be tackled before very long in sober earnest.

T. H.



AS MR. DEAKIN IN "SOWING THE WIND."

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

AN EVENING WITH THE PHEASANTS.

While the twilight lingers on a summer evening, the jar of the fern-owl vibrates over the common, the bats are busy overhead, where the swallows have been all day. The "bottom" between the fir copse and the hazel-covers is dotted with pheasant-coops, most of them half hidden among the furze and bracken and graceful foxgloves. Under an oak on the highest ground the keepers have put up their shelter of thatched hurdles, from which to watch their birds.

The air is laden with the sweet scent of honeysuckle, and now and then a warm breeze from the fir woods wafts down the fragrance of bracken or spruce. The keeper is busy chopping up a branch of dead oak for the fire; up the "bottom" the understrapper is just coming, a couple of young rabbits slung on the gun over his shoulder; as he comes along he shuts up some of the younger pheasants for the night.

Passing one of the coops, almost hidden among the bracken, he sees the little chicks running aimlessly about, uttering their plaintive little whistle, for the hen, their foster-mother, lies stiff and dead inside; but

At the first frightened "cluck" from the hen, a keeper awakes, and steals quietly down with his gun, but, unless it is a bright moon, he can seldom do more than frighten the marauder away.

With the first cold grey signs of daybreak, the air is filled with the songs of birds, until the sun rises; then there is only an occasional call now and again, for they are busy feeding. With daylight, the day's work begins for the keepers. One of them is lighting the fire, and the 'strapper is shelling eggs for the morning feed for the chicks. But, with daylight, danger to these frail lives does not cease. Birds, beasts, and insects alike unite to lessen the chances of the little aliens. But, somehow, there are generally plenty, when the fiery ordeal of October comes, to fly up with a whirr-r-r from the edge of the cover, or come "rocketting" up the steep hillside among the cries of "Mark-over!" and the deafening banging of guns.

Feeding-time is the best time to see the young birds. As the keeper goes round with the food, he softly whistles to the birds, and they come running from the brambles and bracken at the familiar call.

Some of the hens still have their broods safely under them. The



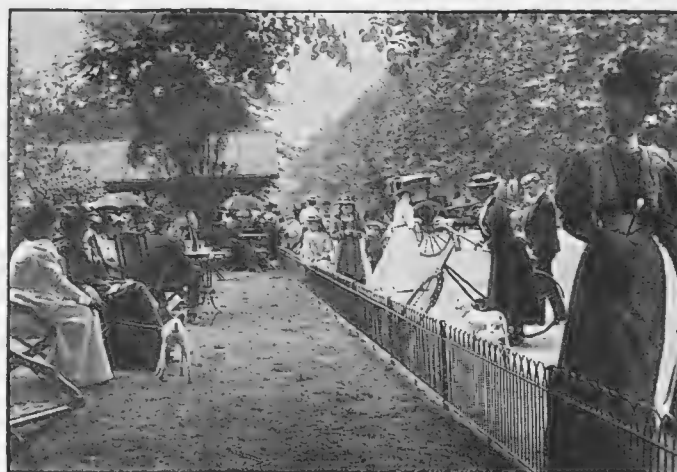
BROTHER AND SISTER.



A MATRONLY NOVICE.



A HEAVY-WEIGHT.



GREEN PARK CLUB-LAWN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

there is no sign of wound upon her: she has died from sheer exhaustion. Catching the chicks—no easy task—he transfers them to another hen, who soon takes them under her shelter. On reaching the hut, he takes from his very ample pocket a weasel he has killed, and hangs it on a low thorn-bush already decorated with jays and stoats and a hawk or two in different stages of decay; for the time being, this is the "vermin-rack."

As the shadows deepen, we all settle round the fire for the night; the flames light up the branches of the oak above and the fern around with a warm glow, and the darkness outside seems more intense. They make a picturesque group: the stalwart, sunburnt keepers, in their shirts and breeches and wide felt hats—the heavy "velveteens" are laid aside—sitting round the fire. Their guns are leaning against the hut, and a terrier and a spaniel are sleeping near. As we sit and smoke, many a good "yarn" goes round, and sometimes a song breaks the stillness of the night; then we make up the fire with more logs, and, wrapping up in our coats, "drop off" to sleep. The little chicks are surrounded with enemies, most of which are active at night. Owls, both the tawny and screech owl, often come round the coops in the dusk, and sometimes settle on them, but seldom harm the chicks, for they come for the mice that abound everywhere, attracted by the pheasants' food. Land-rats, and even the unsuspected "tabbies," are among the worst poachers by night, and often meet a violent death as a penalty for their boldness.

hens always cause the death of a few chicks by treading on them, more especially when the ground is very dry and hard. At one coop a chick is moping, with its head between its shoulders. It has picked up one of the little green "cuckoos," as the keepers call them, and, unless their careful skill can get it out, it will be choked. At another coop a bird is shaking its head and gaping, the first symptoms of the "gapes"; but a little medicine mixed with its food will generally bring it round again. There are nearly always one or more "pied" or white ones among the chicks; some keepers greatly dislike to have them amongst their "birds," as they are so conspicuous. As the young pheasants grow older, they become wilder and keep more under cover; when they are about half-grown, they no longer stay with the hen, but roost on the low branches of a spruce or an oak. They are then safe from the worst dangers, though odd ones here and there are sure to fall victims to a sparrow-hawk, or cat, and, as they get full-grown, the far more formidable human poacher is always on the look-out. When the weather is fine, it is pleasant work, but the constant soakings from the wet undergrowth and showers must sow the seeds of rheumatism in after years in even the hardiest.

F. R. W.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

A FAMOUS PRIMA DONNA.

MISS EMILY SOLDENE.

To many a lover of music, and to all veteran playgoers, the name of Miss Emily Soldene will recall numberless enchanted hours spent in the company of one or other of those heroines of *opéra-bouffe* evoked from the fertile brain of Offenbach and those of his rivals fortunate enough to follow in his footsteps. "La Grande Duchesse," dainty Boulotte in



MISS SOLDENE AS A GERMAN PRINCESS.

Photo by Marceau, San Francisco.

"Barbe Bleu," "Geneviève de Brabant," and "Madame Angot"—truly Miss Soldene can boast of a unique record; and, after a brilliant operatic and literary career in Australia, she has at last come back to the scene of her former triumphs full of interest in all that is going on to-day, and full of interesting reminiscences of past men and things theatrical.

The famous prima donna (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) possesses a striking and breezy personality. She has "done many things in many lands, and done them very well," and her knowledge of the world's surface alone ranges from Islington to Honolulu!

"Yes, I am a thorough Cockney," she

observed gaily; "for I suppose that my birthplace, Islington, must be within sound of Bow bells. As for my family being connected with the theatre or operatic stage, I only wish they could hear your question. I come of strict chapel-going folk, who thought, and, for the matter of that, still think, that the theatre is the ante-room to hell."

"Where did I learn singing? Where I think the best teaching will always be found, in London. My master was Mr. Howard Glover, son of the famous Mrs. Glover, and my first chance to make myself really heard came to me when Miss Julia Matthews fell ill while playing the Grande Duchesse. My success in the part led to my being asked to sing Boulotte, in 'Barbe Bleu.' I was given the rôle on a Monday, and acted it on Thursday. Then I played Marguerite in 'Petit Faust,' at the Lyceum."

"You were the first English actress to sing 'Madame Angot'?"

"Yes, in 1873, and I sang it on the 5th of last June at my benefit before leaving Sydney. That first production of 'Madame Angot,' which took place at the Gaiety under the joint management of John Hollingshead and Charles Morton, will always remain vividly in my memory; so many curious circumstances were connected with it, and it was such a splendid success, from every point of view. The opera was rehearsed and produced in one week, and there was a great deal of commotion among the gentlemen of the chorus, because our costumier, Mr. Harris, the father of Sir Augustus, decreed that moustaches were not admissible with white Court wigs! I need hardly tell you that there was wailing and gnashing of teeth among those interested in the matter; but the management remained firm, and the artistic unities were preserved, at the cost of many beautiful hirsute appendages. We did splendid business from the first, and the rush to see 'Madame Angot' was so great that when we moved to the Opéra Comique I raised the price of the stalls to ten shillings and sixpence; till then they had always been seven shillings and sixpence. I believe Mr. Baneroft is generally credited with the inauguration of this attack on the pockets of her Majesty's lieges, but what credit there is in the matter I have the right to claim. Another innovation, which fairly 'caught on' during that eventful run, was the Saturday *matinée*, just then introduced into England by Mr. John Hollingshead. I remember one touching incident connected with 'Madame Angot.' The Opéra Comique was the first place of amusement visited by the Prince Imperial after the death of his father, Napoleon III. When I was told that 'le petit Prince' was coming, I bought up all the violets in Covent Garden Market, and made of the royal box a perfect bower. Every member of the company, the band included, wore a bouquet of violets, and next day the Empress Eugénie sent a message, thanking those who had 'thought of the graceful act.' I remember I did not much enjoy repeating the Republican sentiments put into the mouth of Mdlle. Lange before the exiled Prince, but it was easy to see that he thoroughly enjoyed the performance."

"And what has been your most popular song?"

"Well, I introduced into England 'Silver threads among the gold,' and I suppose few ditties have been more appreciated by the British public. In my operatic work, the duet, 'Lady, look down below,' in 'Geneviève de Brabant,' has always been a leading favourite with my audiences, and now the song which seems to move people most is, 'I love him so,' the music by Princess Kotschoubey, and the words by Farnie."

"And now, Miss Soldene, what do you think of the present state of things? Are you not bewildered by the changes that have taken place?"

"I find the whole world given over to burlesque and problem-plays," she answered good-humouredly. "Of the former we will speak presently; but the latter make me giddy, for I am an old-fashioned woman, and do not see the good of introducing on to the stage either 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' or 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith.'"

"Yet both these ladies have found their way to Australia?"

"Yes; indeed, 'Mrs. Tanqueray' attracted great interest in Sydney; everyone disapproved of her, but they all went to see her, though many of the ladies," concluded she, with a twinkle in her eye, "wore thick veils when doing so. Still, I should say that, in the Colonies—as, indeed, at home—burlesque will be found to have more staying qualities. In Australia, comic opera holds its own, with the charming and brilliant Nellie Stuart as its goddess and leading interpreter."

"And what English companies meet with the greatest success?"

"Those who bring over such plays as 'The Gaiety Girl,' 'The Shop Girl,' and so on; that is, so long as the allusions and jokes are not too Cockney in tone. It stands to reason that a joke which is topical in London will not be so in Melbourne or Sydney. By the way, it is a great mistake to think that anything will do for the Colonies. Australians are hypercritical, both as regards scenery and costume; only the very best is good enough for them. You see, they have so many opportunities of comparison. Here each group of theatres has its special public, and the playgoer who delights in the Lyceum does not, as a rule, frequent the Gaiety. But in the Colonies even the larrikin, who, as you know, plays a great part in Australian life, goes to see Sarah Bernhardt one day and Nellie Farren the next, and he will discuss the respective merits of each performance in the coolest way possible. Then there is another thing which tells: Australian audiences are very interested in knowing all about those society people who have gone on to the stage, and the titled amateur who visits Australia, backed, of course, by a good company, will excite more interest than even an excellent member of 'the profession.'"

"And, on the whole, do you think that the British stage has advanced or receded during the last twenty years?"

"I think the drama has greatly advanced," she answered decidedly; "and we now have many playwrights whose work will live. Take such a play as 'Sowing the Wind.' I consider that play a stronger sermon than was ever preached. And then music is coming again well to the front. I have sung a great deal of Gilbert and Sullivan's work, and have always enjoyed doing so. Even dramatists do not realise the effect their creations produce on those who interpret their plays. Some playwrights have touched actors' hearts, and made them lead a new life, both on and off the boards. Think of the many lives I have lived since I made my début, more years ago than I care to remember, at the Standard Theatre. I am said to be very magnetic, but I think my power over my audiences is greatly owing to the fact that I am terribly in earnest, for even the most unemotional playgoer likes an actor and actress to be human."

"You have had a wide experience, and have added, I understand, a literary audience to your other public?"

"Yes; I have been writing three years on the Australian Press, and I have also done work for the American papers. Unlike most journalists, I can boast of having been paid for my first paragraph. My success as a journalist emboldened me to write a book, and, to tell you the truth, I have come to England in order to find a good publisher for it."

"A three-volume novel, Miss Soldene?"

"Good Heavens, no!

Do me, at least, the credit of being up to date, if nothing else," exclaimed my hostess vigorously. "I am so up to date that I have left the New Woman far behind, and only deal with the life and adventures of a little fairy dancer. In the story, I have, of course, utilised some of my wanderings, for, as you know, I am familiar with many out-of-the-way corners of the world. Why, where do you think I was lunching three weeks ago last Sunday? At the summit of the Rocky Mountains, on grilled chicken and lager!"

"And have you come home to stay, or is this only a flying visit?"

"Who can tell? Certainly not I. You know we singing and acting folk are 'vagabonds,' always seeking the rest we never can hope to find. I love Australia with all my heart. Nowhere do I possess greater friends, and the climate—well, there is nothing like it in the world. Still, it is very delightful to plunge into London life once more, and I shall stay here at least six months, picking up old threads and forging new links."



MISS SOLDENE.

Photo by Bradley and Rulofson, San Francisco.



MISS EMILY SOLDENE (PRESENT TIME).

FROM A SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

We seem to be hearing much of the Union of Christendom just now. It is the holiday season, when men's minds are relaxed, and when a brotherly charity pervades all bosoms, even the clerical. The Pope writes nice epistles about unity and his love for the English; and the Archbishop of Canterbury follows up with a column or so of the due ecclesiastical sort, which sounds generally pious and friendly and means nothing in particular. Now others of less eminence take up the wondrous tale, and Rome and Canterbury seem to the vision of enthusiasts to be about to rush into each other's arms, and add the Dane John as an eighth to the Seven Hills. Meanwhile, the Low Church and Nonconformist element has assembled once again in the high places of the Grindelwald and gone through the usual holiday manœuvres, with the usual discharge of brotherly blank-cartridge.

For, indeed, as Cardinal Vaughan rather cruelly reminds his flock, the questions at issue cannot be solved by any amount of fraternal flapdoodle. The main point to be settled is not what we are to believe, but who is to settle our beliefs. And though the Vatican were to concede to our curates the right to take one, or even many wives, and allow Anglican orders to pass the possessor into any part of the house of St. Peter, yet the fact remains that no union would be possible without giving an elderly Italian gentleman, chosen by a number of other elderly Italian gentlemen, the power to bind and loose in the Church of England.

That is the real barrier—one of national temper and prejudice. So much is this the case, that I should imagine there is more real community of feeling between English Roman Catholics and English High Churchmen than between the former and their Irish or Italian co-religionists. When Cardinal Manning tried to reorganise his department on the Ultramontane basis, blending Irish democrats with English nobles, and "roping-in" the Labour leaders, he was looked on, I should shrewdly suspect, by the great men of his own flock as having lost caste. His movement died with him. His successor is of the older type. Battersea and Rome are still apart, and Mr. Tom Mann remains a light of the Church of England, though he has not yet taken orders.

So, too, has it fared with the well-meant Papal attempt to unite the jarring factions of France by reminding the faithful that they could be religious and Republican at once. Nobody doubted this—theoretically; the mistake lay in not seeing that the Royalists of France were rather politically pious than piously political, and that, if religion did not serve as a pretext for disaffection, something else would. Is it an incomprehensible clause in a metaphysical creed that separates Orthodox from Catholic? No; but the fact that one is mostly a primitive, bearded peasant, and the other a shaven modern. What is it that marks off the least Jewish of Jews from the most unchristian of Christians? It may be the turn of his profile, or the unconquerable yearning for fried fish, or any one of the thousand racial peculiarities and modes of thought.

The inherited affinities and tendencies of race colour our religions, even at times of great convulsions of feeling. In the early ages of Christianity, the Greek and the Latin took their conversion with a difference. The former philosophised; the latter legalised. Smith, as Wendell Holmes pithily put it, can hold but Smith's worth of religion, art, literature; yet Brown (or it may be Jones—I quote from memory only) has been for ages rating him, abusing him, burning him, because he would not take in Brown's worth (or Jones's worth) of all these. Put Popes and Archbishops for Smith and Brown, and we see that the attempt to get Edward Cantuar, Esq. (as some artless persons have understood the name), to take exactly the Leonine view of religious matters is hopeless; also conversely. So the conclusion would seem to be, that the two should agree to differ on the best of terms, for not all the Letters and Allocutions and Stigginwald Conferences in the world will make them think alike.

Speaking of Conferences, our old friend the Rev. What Price Hughes seems to have been moved by the example of the Alps to let off one of the peculiarly "steep" statements in which he overmuch delights. It appears that he has unveiled in his newspaper organ, "under all possible reserve"—that is, under all reserve possible to Mr. Hughes—a terrible plot of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. That malignant conspirator, it would seem, is contemplating the introduction of the Conscription into England, so that, by the fines paid for exemption, old-age pensions may be provided for the broken-down labourer. The authority for this astounding project was no other than a County Councillor for Middlesex. The reverend gentleman must try again. His last effort is not up to the standard of the Aquarium card-trick, or the Methodist Missionary scandal.

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema has put Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande" and "Les Aveugles" into English, and they have been published in the popular "Scott Library." A more fitting translator could hardly have been found. Her own original work, especially the stories in her recent volume, "The Crucifix," have distinct kinship with the Flemish mystical poet. Both are sensitivists, both are melancholy, both seem entirely indifferent to what is chiefly valued by the world to-day; and if the talent of one is not comparable to the genius of the other, yet the sympathy between their points of view makes the English disciple an exquisite interpreter of Maeterlinck's delicate mystical dramas.

I cannot think why such translations are so much in demand to-day, when all the world can read French as simple as is Maeterlinck's when he writes in dramatic form. But the demand exists, evidently, and it is rarely supplied as well as by Miss Alma-Tadema in this instance—though she modestly calls her version "a paper flower without perfume" in her preface to the two plays, a preface, by-the-by, in which one finds an echo of Maeterlinck's own voice when he speaks in prose.

The new volume of the "Edinburgh Stevenson" contains a good deal that will be new to many people. For one thing, the fine essay on the "Technical Elements of Style" has been reprinted. It appeared in the *Contemporary* in April, 1885. Undoubtedly, it is the most substantial, definite, and careful of all Mr. Stevenson's contributions to the theory of the mechanism of literature. There is, too, a very pleasant paper on "Books that have Influenced Me," originally printed as one of a series in the *British Weekly*, in which he tells how much he owed, at one time or another, to Bunyan, Marcus Aurelius, Herbert Spencer, Walt Whitman, Wordsworth, and a few other writers, and says some fine things on reading, and on that rare being the "improvable reader." Then there are his not very dogmatic views on State Socialism, expressed in "The Day after To-morrow" and "A Note on Realism"—a soberer and more reasonable view of the subject than that contained in the better-known "The Lantern-Bearers."

Bret Harte's lively Susy can hardly have faded from the memory of his readers. They can now renew their acquaintance with her in his new story, "Clarence" (Chatto), whose story is also an old friend. It takes us into the whirl and excitement of the American War, into the battle-field itself, and into some divided domestic circles, where storms raged no less wildly, and where bitterness was much greater. The plot is more interesting than those in recent stories of Mr. Bret Harte, and in the development of the characters we can feel the novelist's hand is growing surer every year.

To ladies that are seized every now and again by the shopping fever, or who constantly and gladly suffer from the malady, the English version of Zola's "Au Bonheur des Dames" is specially addressed. Under the name of "The Ladies' Paradise," it is published by Messrs. Hutchinson, with a preface by that enthusiastic but very discreet Zolaite, Mrs. Ernest Vizetelly. Not the most timid of feminine readers need avoid the book, which has been severely and intelligently edited to suit English taste. The worst they will find is a ruthless picture of their own or their neighbours' weaknesses in face of the temptations to which the enormous manufacture and exhibition of finery to-day exposes them. The conscience may be smitten, but their moral susceptibilities can hardly be shocked. Whatever may be the case in Paris, the story is not in the least out of date here in London, where the swallowing-up of the little special traders by the huge comprehensive establishments has been slower, and where the very battle is now going on that Mouret generated in "Au Bonheur des Dames." The editor, with his intimate knowledge of Paris life, is able to put us on the scent of the actual facts out of which Zola wove his story.

Mr. Stepniak never writes an empty or useless preface. In the introduction to Mrs. Garnett's translation of Turgenev's "Fathers and Children" (Heinemann) he has had no easy task; for the one thing demanded was an analysis of the hero, Bazarov, and even to those who have realised the power and the reality of that character it has been, in some ways, a puzzle, or, at all events, impossible to account for adequately. Mr. Stepniak gives, in a masterly chapter, the history of the reception of Bazarov, the novelist's "favourite child," in Russia, how Turgenev was reviled and all but persecuted on account of him. Then follows his own interpretation of him as "the bare mind of Science first applied to Politics," the pioneer of the race of Marxes and Bakunins, but too uncompromising to have a crowd for his following. "He is Aggression, destroyed in his destroying."

A book whose title may be a little prejudicial to it, or, at least, may allow it to be ignored by many who could appreciate its charm of sentiment and style, is "The Old Missionary" (Froude), by the well-known expert in Indian matters, Sir William Hunter. "Missionary" rouses a controversial spirit in a good many minds, but they will find no fuel for contention in this beautiful sketch. The service of differing sects to the hillmen is acknowledged with perfect impartiality and delicate appreciation. It is not a study of religious differences or values, but of human heroism and beauty of character, irrespective of creed, and its very want of sectarianism may open the eyes of those whom missionary records never reach, to the romance that grows and blooms in far-away mission-stations. The story appeared originally in the *Contemporary Review*; but it has been revised, and, in its present form, both in temper and style, it is everything it should be. o. o.

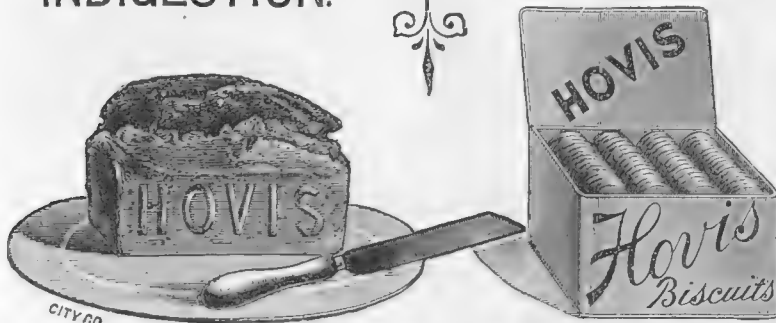
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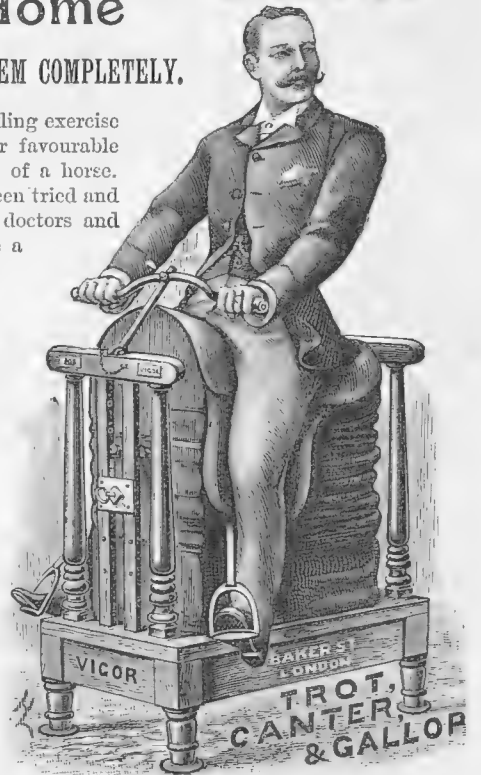
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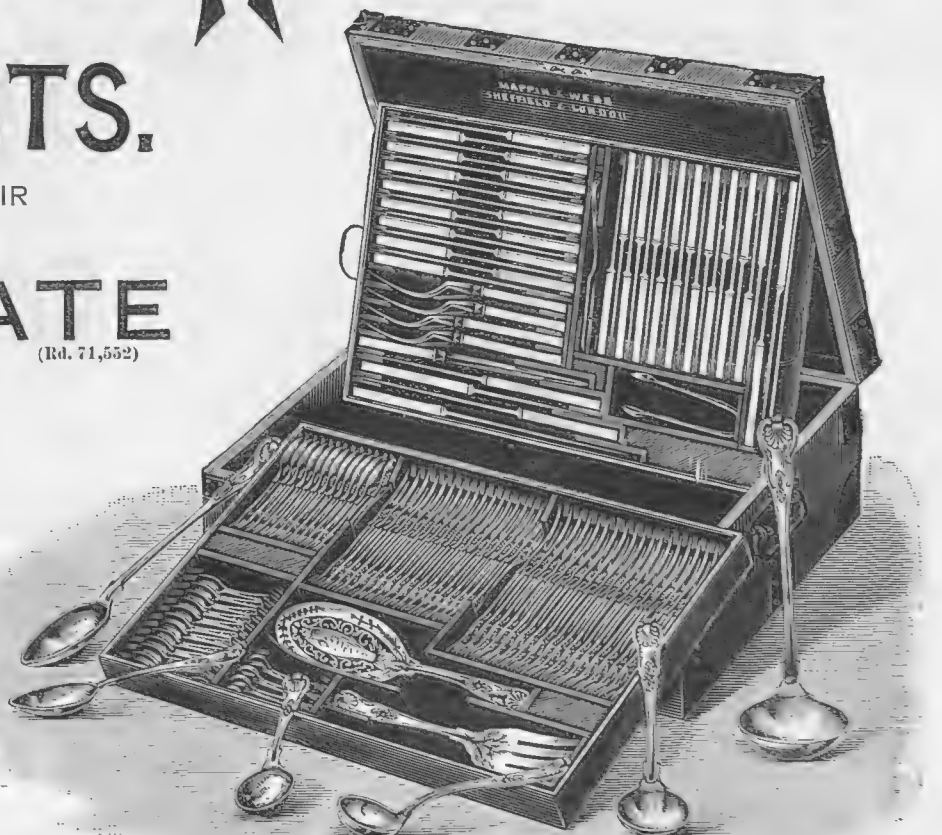
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RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Newmarket First October Meeting—which, by-the-by, is always held in September—is not, as a rule, a big draw, as the programme contains no item of special interest. However, this week we have the Jockey Club Stakes to be run for, and the ten thousand pounds will attract a few of the classic performers to the post. I think Ladas, if sound and well at the post, ought to win, while None-the-Wiser may be a respectable second. I should not be at all surprised, however, to see Priestholme run a good horse if he is started for this race instead of being saved for the Cambridgeshire.

Here is a picture of Atalanta, the champion mare at the Bath Horse Show. She has won thirty-six first and champion prizes, and is the property of Mr. J. F. Ray, of Totnes.

Buying the winners of selling races is a risky game at all times, and the more especially when your own horse taking part in the particular event is a bit shifty. I know of a gentleman who has, on three occasions of late, bought the horses beating his own in selling races, and subsequent home trials have proved that his own animals were the best. The fact of the matter is, selling platers get too much racing and too

being a stayer. A well-known Newmarket tout, a day or two back, told me that, in his opinion, The Rush holds all the Newmarket horses safe in the Cesarewitch. The son of Barcaldine is bound to stay, and he certainly won the Newton Cup easily, while he ran well for the Manchester Handicap and Chester Cup.

I regret to hear that one or two of our oldest trainers have fallen across evil times, and are not doing so well as they might. The art of training racehorses is now being improved upon, and those who cling to ancient notions do not succeed in these competitive days. True, men of Matthew Dawson's intelligence size up the situation, and fit themselves in with the times. As a consequence, Old Mat can beat all the young ones, even now, at preparing a classic winner; but many of the old trainers are fifty years behind the times, and, unfortunately for them, owners have discovered the fact.

Mornington Cannon, who spends his leisure in sailing his own yacht on the Solent, is, I believe, about to leave Southampton and take a house close to his father's place at Stockbridge. Morny acts as first whip in the winter to his father's pack of harriers, so that he is in good trim the year round. Morny received a good education at Queenwood College, hard by, and I am told by an old schoolfellow of his that young Cannon did well at school, and he was actually educated for one of the professions.



ATALANTA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY R. GIBBS, KINGSLAND ROAD, N.

much travelling in horse-boxes, and, at about six years of age, the majority of them grow more or less cunning. A notable instance of a reclaimed plater is that of Earl of Annandale, who is, just now, a very smart sprinter.

I suggested many months back in this column that there was a good opening for a new racecourse in the neighbourhood of the Isle of Thanet, and now comes the rumour that a course is to be established near Folkestone. The Earl of Radnor, who owns a great deal of property in the neighbourhood, is a thorough-going sportsman, and Lady Radnor, a sister of Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., is also very partial to the Sport of Kings. Indeed, Longford Lady has successfully carried her ladyship's colours this year. I presume Lord Radnor would extend to the new course his patronage, which would count for a lot; and if the railway companies displayed a little enterprise, a meeting could be successfully run at Folkestone.

As a matter of course, we should be all pleased to see the Prince of Wales win the Cesarewitch with Florizel II.; but the short price that has been taken about the horse is not justified by the book. Nor is it right to say that the handicapper has specially favoured the Prince's animal. The Manton Stable will have to be reckoned with, and Taylors' best must be very dangerous. Again, the St. Leger running points to Telescope as

It is gratifying to see the Manton Stable turning out some winners at last, and I hope the brothers Taylor will now go on and prosper. They own one of the finest training establishments in England, and it would be almost possible to construct a straight five-mile gallop on the Manton Downs. Alec, the elder of the two brothers, was brought up at home, and served a good apprenticeship under his late father. Tom received a good commercial education, and, as a matter of fact, was a fellow bank-clerk of mine in Wiltshire twenty-five years ago.

I heard a funny story about a well-known sporting tipster, who is highly charged with wit (as he should be to succeed at his game), and a commission agent. The two came to high words over a transaction, when the agent finished up with this query: "A respectable member of society you are, too. How do you get your living?" The answer came as quick as lightning, "Why, by making yours, of course!" I need scarcely add that the tipster came off number one, and he also came in for a big ovation from the surrounding crowd.

Although the premises of Messrs. Scrubb, the well-known makers of household ammonia, have been completely destroyed by fire, that will not interfere at all with the continuation of their business. They have already taken temporary premises.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The Rugbyists have gone the way of the Associationists; that is, in respect to professionalism. It had to come sooner or later, and, for all practical purposes, it came last Thursday evening, when the Rugby Union met and decided that the twenty clubs which had gone outside the ægis of the "mother body," and established a Northern Union of its own, with payment to players for "broken time," are henceforth to be known as professionals.

The only deplorable thing about the whole business, from my point of view, is that the clubs composing this Northern Union will not confess that they *are* professional. Otherwise, I think we should all be nice and comfortable, for everybody would be content to go his own way, and side with those whom his common sense told him should be sided with. Just as we have professionalism in Association football, why on earth can't we have it in the Rugby game?

The chief thing is, of course, that those clubs admitted into the Rugby Union will not be permitted to play against those who are not. This is where the situation differs from that in Association circles, for it is quite the regular thing for amateur elevens to oppose their professional brethren, as instance the Corinthians and the Casuals, among others.

I dare say the decree will tell against the Northern Union clubs in the long run, for as there are but twenty of them—as yet!—meetings with each other will very soon begin to pall. So far, the public has supported the Northern Union competition in generous numbers, but secretaries look farther than the present, and the secretaries of the "outlawed" organisations are eagerly anticipating the time, which surely must come, when those Yorkshire clubs still enrolled on the Rugby Union's book will seek admittance to their ranks, either voluntarily or compulsorily, which means that some evidence of surreptitious professionalism will be brought to the Rugby Union's notice sufficient to warrant expulsion.

The joke of the whole affair comes in in the fact that the Northern Union actually refused to sanction the "licences," as it were, of two players who had been proved to have received payment for their services. Of course, the Northern Rugby Union do not consider themselves professionals. They say, in effect, "We pay our players the money deducted from their employment wages for the time 'lost' in playing with us." This might be all right enough, but that we can scarcely trust the clubs to draw the line of demarcation as to where "broken time money" ends and plain salary begins. Besides, those who know the Northern Union players intimately, know also that they are not the kind of fellows who would refuse money when offered them.

Looking further ahead, one can only fear the Internationals. It will be contended that we beat Wales and Ireland with Southerners solely, but it must not be forgotten that we were also beaten with Southerners only. The fact is, I have a great respect for the Yorkshire and Lancashire player, and I never consider an English International team complete without the genus in strong evidence. Still, it is a far cry yet to the Internationals, and a great deal may happen before then.

Meanwhile, it will be interesting to study the new rules which the Northern Union have created, and which are to be given a trial in a test match between Halifax and Manningham—rules which, if they be generally adopted, will completely alter the whole game of Rugby football. I must confess that my views are divided on the broad question of instituting new rules at all. I am sufficiently conservative to possess a wholesome respect for the wisdom of our forbears, and for the rules which have given such satisfaction for many, many years; but I am also progressive enough to listen to ideas for the amendment of weak and faulty rules, or for improving a game, notwithstanding that the game has not actually been found wanting.

To begin with, then, the number of players a-side is to be reduced from fifteen to thirteen, the idea being that their absence shall be felt by the forwards, and, therefore, that scrummaging shall not form such an important part of the game.

In fact, scrummaging is the sole excuse for the advancing of all three new rules, as will be readily gauged from the second and third, which are that the line-out shall be abolished, and that an Association—that is to say, a perfectly round—ball shall be used in place of the familiar oval-shaped article. Sweeping, indeed, are these proposed alterations, and, as may be easily inferred, their suggestion has scarcely been received on all hands with welcome.

It is contended that a round ball is easier to catch and pass, and that therefore, together with the decrease in the number of scrummages, the game will be more open, and therefore more attractive than ever. This is retorted to with the somewhat irrelevant statement that Rugby football, as it is proposed to play it, will not be football at all, and also that sport ceases to be sport when it is made the amusement of the spectators. I cannot say I side with that view. Sport would be nothing but for the spectators, who, together with the professionals, have made it what it is. However, there is no need to enter more deeply into the matter at this stage. Developments are expected, and, altogether, we feel we are standing out in a threatened storm.

Our friends the Associationists have not been long in furnishing surprises. So far as the First Division of the League is concerned, we could not have started in a more sensational fashion, seeing that every club engaged in that premier competition had been early beaten, with the single exception of Stoke, and it was not expected that they would long

survive. Aston Villa, Sunderland, and Everton all suffered their initial reverse on the same day, but I still do not think I shall be going far wrong in expecting them to furnish the ultimate winners of the tournament.

If I were called upon to narrow my selection down to a single choice, I should unhesitatingly give preference to Aston Villa, but I should, at the same time, stipulate for common sense in the management of the team. The English Cup-holders have got together a brilliant eleven on paper, and there is certainly no reason why it should not also prove great on the field. When matters settle down a bit, we shall find the Villans well up in the list.

The principal London amateur clubs have as yet made little sign, though the Casuals have already entered the field in a minor way. Mr. Fred Bickley's absence from the secretaryship will be severely felt, nor have I heard of any specially promising talent. The Corinthians make a start at the Queen's Club next month, and in a week or two the season generally will be in full swing.

CRICKET.

The English team now touring in America may be said to be quite strong enough to hold its own, and, so far, the only reverse suffered can be put down to ill-luck in the matter of the wicket. It is not the first time we have seen teams, after running up a good score in the first innings, lose in the end simply because they have to field to two innings in succession, and then, going in to knock off the runs required to win, find the turf crumbling or else soiled by the overnight rainfall.

If anything, the team is perhaps weak in bowling, and this defect is rendered all the more conspicuous for the reason that the strong point about American cricket is the batting. Even when the redoubtable "Sammy" Woods went out—with Lord Hawke's team, I think it was—he was occasionally freely knocked about. It will be a long time yet before our cousins across "the pond" will be able to cope seriously with us in our national game.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The Blackheath Harriers intend holding the last of their evening meetings to-day, the venue being the new Catford Sports Ground, while at half-past two this afternoon there will be a cricket match against the South London Club. For the sports there are to be a 120-yards open handicap—open, that is, to the two organisations mentioned, and a half-mile confined to the Blackheath Harriers.

In the extensive history of invention, there is nothing more ingenious and simple than what is known as the Dunlop pneumatic tyre, which, having been fitted to some two million cycles by the Pneumatic Tyre Company, has now been adapted by that enterprising and phenomenally successful concern to carriages of all kinds. In plain, untechnical language, the Dunlop tyre makes carriage-riding luxurious, instead of, as under the old iron-shod wheel régime, frequently verging on the purgatorial. The company has done wisely in securing the ground floor of what was once the Gallery of Illustration, adjoining the Raleigh Club, in Lower Regent Street, and arranging therein a show of carriages fitted with the new tyre, which possesses every conceivable advantage and not a single defect. Before very long, at least half our carriage-owners will have gone in for "the silent system," and, as a consequence, nervous disorders will materially decrease. The inventor of the Dunlop tyre is eminently deserving of a statue, for he has added immeasurably to the comfort of all who can afford to "keep their carriage." OLYMPIAN.

A CURIOUS CICERONE.

I spent an hour the other afternoon in the Abbey, where I was vastly entertained by the courteous and scholarly guide who took the visitors round the royal tombs. He overflowed with historical information and genial humour. Some of his commentaries on the English kings were simply delicious. He ascribed the disappearance of the effigy of Henry VI. from its niche to the zeal with which Henry VIII. hunted down memorials of Wolsey. Henry was particularly irritated by emblems of Thomas à Becket, whom he seems to have regarded as Wolsey's prototype in treason; but, in his blind rage, he dragged the inoffensive Henry VI. off his pedestal, leaving St. Thomas of Canterbury intact, in company with St. Nicholas, who, in his character of Santa Claus, is dandling a baby. The most remarkable tomb in the Abbey is that of a lady, a Countess of Pembroke, if I remember rightly, who died at the age of twenty-seven, and whose husband is represented in the act of striving to shield her against the dart of Death. Death, in the shape of a skeleton, is starting out of the door of the tomb below. Many people, said the guide, asked curious questions about this figure. One innocent wanted to know whether the devil had come down the chimney, and was climbing up the mantelpiece. Everywhere there are traces of the loving care which Dean Stanley devoted to the Abbey. He found forgotten tombs, and had them duly inscribed; he discovered fragments of altars in distant museums, and restored them to their rightful places within the Abbey walls. All this and much more I learned from the guide, whose name I have not the pleasure of knowing, but whose society I can strongly recommend to the curious student. A.

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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FRENCH FASHIONS AT DRURY LANE.

It is a positive education in dress to visit Drury Lane just now. The modes of the moment, or rather, of several moments in advance, are one and all brought before you in the shape of living fashion-plates, and their number is so great that you begin to realise how inconstant is this Dame Fashion of ours, who can extend her favours so impartially. However, the display is a truly marvellous one, and, if I am to give you any idea whatever of the various items which go to make up a series of stage spectacles the like of which was never seen before, I must plunge into the subject without delay; and so, leaving for a while the glories of the forty gowns bearing the name of Worth, suppose that we turn our attention to the principals' dresses, which stand out boldly even amid all the other splendour. The question is where to begin, even then; but, according to all the rules of romance, the place of honour, of course, belongs to the much-tried heroine, Blanche Lindesay, in the lovely person of Miss Eleanor Calhoun.

First, imagine her in a quaintly beautiful gown of silver-grey glacé, shot with blue, bordered in the front and at the hem by a thick pinked-out ruche of silk, while the under-dress, over which both bodice and skirt open, is of white silk, of which the deep draped waist-band is also fashioned. There is a picturesque hood, too, falling nearly to the waist at the back, and showing a white lining; while the hat is a dainty affair of Leghorn, with the palest-pink roses wreathed round the crown and nestling under the brim, and white ostrich feathers and a high fan of white pleated chiffon grouped together at the left side. This is perfectly charming, as you may imagine; but its memory is soon banished by the reality of a tea-rose-yellow gown of rich corded silk, which is worn in the Hurlingham scene, where, beneath a simple draped waist-band, the shirt is arranged in a series of closely set gathers over the hips, the full folds falling unchecked then to the feet. The bodice is full, with a broad pleat in front, adorned with four diamond buttons, and at the back a gracefully draped fichu of lace-edged chiffon, fastened at each side of the shoulders in front by a soft choux of chiffon. The finishing touch is given by a black satin hat, the brim veiled with a loosely falling frill of kilted chiffon, and a diamond buckle holding together a cluster of black ostrich feathers.

Following on in due course comes a pale-pink satin gown, the skirt plain, and the bodice, which has a yoke and sailor-collar of tucked chiffon, being draped round the waist with crossed folds of pink and of green chiffon, the latter colour predominating, inasmuch as it forms two long sash-ends at the back. The chiffon sleeves belong to the bishop family, and are tucked from shoulder to wrist, where they are finished with a band of green velvet, and, for a little while, the delicate beauty of this dress is hidden by a long cloak of rich black gros grain, lined with yellow brocade, and with a ruffled edging of yellow chiffon bordering the long stole-ends in front. There is a high collar, too, lined with chiffon, and bordered with softly curling black ostrich-tips, a double row of feathers outlining the yoke, one curving downwards, and the other turning upwards to meet it.

And the half is not yet told, for in Rotten Row Miss Calhoun has still another gown, this time in purest white, the material being soft muslin over glacé silk. There is a deep frill surrounding the skirt,

made beautiful with many rows of creamy lace insertion, a glittering band of steel sequins outlining the top, while there is a bodice of muslin and lace to match, crowned by a cream straw hat, with white roses and white ostrich-tips for trimming. This is wonderfully dainty and pretty, but it is for the "At Home" in Lady Hilyard's drawing-room that Miss Calhoun wears her loveliest dress. It is of ivory satin, the skirt bordered with a vandyked drapery of white gauze, striped narrowly with silver, each point being outlined with delicately shaded pink roses, and headed by a narrow band of silver sequins. The bodice is draped in loose folds across a vest which is one mass of silver and crystal embroidery interspersed with great diamonds, the same exquisite fabric

forming tiny revers at the back.

But the sleeves—if sleeves they can be called—are the notable feature in this gown: simply a light, transparent drapery of the gauze, which leaves a goodly portion of the arm bare before it is caught up, on the right side, to a shoulder-strap of embroidered satin, and, on the left, to a band of roses, the gauze itself forming a background for a trail of leaves in the latter case and of full-blown roses in the former. Only a woman with a perfect neck and shoulders could wear such a gown, and so you may rejoice and be glad when I tell you that a careful study of Worth's models revealed to me the fact that you can indulge in the fullest of puffed sleeves, or discard them altogether, and be content with shoulder-straps only, just as your own taste or the beauty (or otherwise) of your arms may decide. You will be equally fashionable in either case. However, returning to Miss Calhoun, she carries an exquisite shower-bouquet of pink and yellow and crimson roses, with thorny stalks trailing down the satin streamers. After this splendour, and when a fashionable London drawing-room has given place to a Johannesburg hotel, comes a white glacé silk dress, veiled in white muslin, sprigged with tiny bunches of pink roses and single sprays of tender-blue forget-me-nots, tied with equally diminutive true-lovers' knots in pale pink—could anyone possibly imagine a more exquisite fabric? The skirt is edged with five narrow pink frills of chiffon, each one edged with cream Valenciennes; and the bodice is simply a series of alternate puffs of chiffon and insertion-bands of lace, the bishop's-sleeves being of the transparent muslin. A straightly hanging



MISS ELEANOR CALHOUN IN ACT II. OF "CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!"

and perfectly plain dress of some soft white material is worn for the two big scenes—the midnight ride for help, and the strange and solemn marriage-ceremony. And then, last, and perhaps most striking of all, is a trained Princess dress made entirely of crape, all glittering with closely sewn points of jet, and devoid of any trimming save a broad band of jet passementerie, which passes across the low, square-cut corsage, the white shoulders being crossed by jet bands, while the arms are left perfectly bare; for sleeves there are none, simply at the back triple frills of accordion-pleated net sewn with jet sequins, which are fastened to the jet shoulder-straps by a diamond buckle. Nothing could stand out to more striking advantage in the midst of that superb reception-scene, with its array of wonderful dresses; and it suits Miss Calhoun to perfection, as you may imagine.

As to Miss Fanny Brough, she looks even smarter than usual in her Russell and Allen gowns, and that is saying a good deal, for she is always one of the best-dressed women on the stage. I fell hopelessly in love with her first dress, of green and currant-coloured shot glacé, the bodice, a glorious affair, composed for the most part of cloth of gold

tissue, embroidered with pearls of varying size, and opening over a vest of white satin and mellow-tinted lace, the fulness held in by three narrow lines of gold sequins, tapering to a point at the waist. A touch of vivid green velvet at throat and elbow is eminently successful, as indeed, is also Miss Brough's dainty green velvet bonnet, with golden butterfly-wings and a full ivory-satin bow for trimming. I am afraid,



MISS FANNY BROUGH IN THE HYDE PARK SCENE.

though, that I am fickle, for I transferred my affections bodily to the next dress the instant I set eyes upon it. Can you wonder at this when I tell you that it is of rose-pink glacé, with a chiné design of tiny crimson roses and green leaves, the black satin waist-band securing the full folds of a many-frilled fichu of black chiffon, each accordion-pleated frill edged with yellowish lace, and the long scarf-ends, which fall down the skirt, being finished in the same way. The sleeves are of bright rose-coloured silk, veiled with black chiffon, and from beneath the fichu sundry loops of chiné ribbon fall over the shoulders, the collar, too, being of this lovely ribbon. Black and pink are the colours used in the accompanying hat, which is of black velvet, lined and trimmed with pink moiré and black ostrich feathers.

And then, ascending this ladder of beauty by leaps and bounds, comes a velvet evening-dress in the genuine flame-colour which is so uniquely effective. Right up the centre of the long train, and winding round to the right side of the perfectly plain skirt, a flight of giant butterflies embroidered in glittering jet are wending their way amid some graceful tropical foliage (also carried out in jet), the bodice front being covered with tapering leaves. It is cut low in a waved line, bordered with soft folds of black velvet—a mere suggestion only, but enough to make it becoming, instead of trying to the skin—and black velvet crosses the shoulders, from which the puffed sleeves droop very slightly only. Miss Brough, being very wise, wears no jewels in this act, but relies solely upon the simple grandeur of her gown. Her other evening-dress, which is worn in the superb reception-scene in the last act, is entirely different in character, though it suits her equally well. It is carried out in pale mauve satin, with bunches and trails of great velvet pansies, shading from palest mauve to deepest violet, appearing on the trained Watteau back, the sleeves, and the skirt. To add to the effect, an appliqué of exquisite white lace, sparkling with burnished steel paillettes, is laid on to the bodice and the front of the skirt, passing round the sides, to be

lost eventually beneath the Watteau back. And, with this dress, Miss Brough makes up for her previous abstinence by wearing some magnificent diamond ornaments.

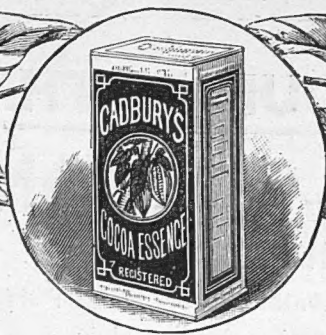
If I put Mrs. Cecil Raleigh last, it is not because she is least, for her gowns are superb, and she looks regally handsome in them. The first is comparatively simple—black crêpon with a waved stripe in silk, the front and back of the bodice being of yellow chiffon, accordion-pleated, and overlaid with an appliqué of lace and jet embroidery. The toque is of yellow straw, turned up in points all round, and trimmed with clusters of the palest yellow poppies in gossamer-like silk fans of black lace, and a high osprey. Her Hurlingham dress is more elaborate, composed as it is of rich silk in a lovely shade of lavender—the genuine, old-fashioned shade, to which our affections are returning restfully after a season of glaring colours. The skirt is arranged in three panels, cut out in scallops, which are bordered with a powdering of jet, the under-petticoat being of white satin, veiled with black net, also sparkling with jet. The bodice has a pinafore back and front, cut out in the same way over side-pieces of satin and net, and, in startlingly effective contrast to this quiet colouring, comes a collar and waist-band of vivid geranium-pink velvet. As to the bonnet, it is primarily composed of white satin, with the brocaded design outlined with jet; but very little of this is to be seen by reason of the great chou bow of white satin, bordered with black velvet, which adorns each side, while at the back some pink roses and a high black-and-white osprey reign supreme. Nor must I by any chance omit a tiny coronet-like arrangement of flashing brilliants, which outlines the peak of the crown, for it is a notable feature. But most magnificent of all is Mrs. Raleigh's opera-cloak in the second act. It is a queenly garment of deep rich crimson velvet, lined with white satin, and with great sleeves of white velvet patterned boldly with a raised design in black. Imagine this rich colouring in conjunction with Mrs. Raleigh's



MRS. CECIL RALEIGH IN THE RECEPTION SCENE.

flashing eyes and dark hair, and you can well believe that the general effect is splendid. Not less successful is her last gown, which is of black satin, the skirt having two side-panels simply encrusted with jet sequins embroidered in a design of conventional feathers, while the trained back is entirely covered with black net, ruched at the edge and showered over with scintillating jet sequins. The bodice is half of the

[Continued on page 513.]



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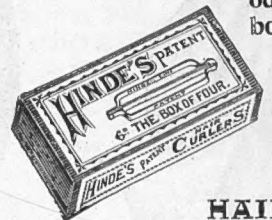
ACIDITY of the STOMACH,
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TOWELETTES.**

In 6d. Packets, 3 doz. 1/-, 1/4, and 2/- per doz.
Special make for use after accouchement, 2s. per doz.
Obtained from all Ladies' Outfitters, Drapers, also
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Produces Luxuriant Hair, Prevents it Falling Off and Turning Grey.

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**THE WORLD-RENOWNED
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For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes, Preserving, Strengthening,
and Rendering the Hair beautifully Soft, for Removing Scurf,
Dandruff, &c. Also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Natural Colour.

IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be devoid of any Metallic
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WHY NEGLECT YOUR CHILDREN'S HAIR?
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Prevents and Cures all species of Parasites so common with Children's Hair.

VAIN REGRETS.

Gentlemen,—I have tried your "Harlene," and find that there is none to equal it. I only
regret that I did not use it years ago. Miss PRESTON.

FOR EYEBROWS AND THE HAIR.

Dear Sir,—I have used your "Harlene" for nearly four years, and have found it most satis-
factory for the eyebrows and eyelashes, also for renewing the hair. Miss TRISS.

A MARKED IMPROVEMENT.

Dear Sirs,—Having used one bottle of your "Harlene," I noticed a marked improvement; my
hair is beginning to grow, and the scurf has disappeared. I will recommend it to my friends.
Miss WEBB.

1s., 2s. 6d., and (triple 2s. 6d. size) 4s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers,
and Perfumers all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 95, High Holborn, London, W.C.

satin and half of white net, sewn with tiny steel paillettes, of which airy fabric the great puffed sleeves are also composed, the left one being left severely alone, while the right is decorated on the shoulder with some gracefully curving black ostrich feathers and many loops of black satin ribbon, the last touch being given by a piece of costly old lace, which falls over the glittering jet.

And these are only the principal dresses, please bear in mind, and I have not even attempted to tell you of the Worth confections, which must needs be saved up for passing reference next week, together with Mrs. Patrick Campbell's wonderful Juliet dresses, which are marvellous examples of exquisite embroidery, to say nothing of their perfect colouring. Really, there are such endless temptations put in our way nowadays that we can hardly help being extravagant, and it is a wonder that any of us ever manage to make our dress-allowance last out its allotted span; and now, with costly fabrics simply forced upon us by Dame Fashion, we shall be compelled to economise in some way. I have been trying to do so lately, with the help of the *Happy Home* and its paper patterns, and, though I cannot say that, as yet, I have accomplished the wonders I anticipated, that is my fault entirely, and I am living in hopes of astonishing my friends—and myself—with the result of my handiwork. The same *Happy Home*, by the way, is a wonderful pennyworth, and each week its sixty-four pages seem to grow more full of interest, while I hear that it is to excel itself on Monday next, the 30th, when the Autumn Fashion Number will be published, at the same price, though a full paper pattern will be presented to applicants.

FLORENCE.

ENGAGED.

Students' Day at the National Gallery.

ELEANOR VINCENT laboriously copying "*The Challenge*." JACK GERARD enters, sees her, and bows doubtfully. She smiles. He hesitates, then walks up to her. She holds out her hand.

SHE. Of all people! Who would have expected to see you here?

HE. Or you?

SHE. Oh, I have taken to playing with palette and brush. One must do something, you know.

HE. Must one? And you're ambitious, I see. (*Stands looking at her. She paints on mechanically. Suddenly—*) My God, how good it is to see you again!

SHE (*bends her head over her palette and speaks quickly*). You have no right to talk like that. All that was over a year ago. You know what you said then.

HE. No; what did I say?

SHE. You said you hoped you would never see me again.

HE. What a fool I must have been! What did we quarrel about?

SHE (*firmly*). Mr. Gerard, I have no intention of permitting this tone from an ordinary acquaintance. You will be good enough to remember that you are nothing more to me.

HE. Then you don't care for me at all now?

SHE (*emphatically*). Not the least bit in the world.

HE turns very red, and says, after a moment's silence: I beg your pardon. I had no right to speak as I did, especially as—may I bore you with my private interests and hopes?—I am engaged to be married.

SHE flushes, looks hard at him, smiles, and says: I congratulate you. Do tell me all about her. I quite forgive you for what you said just now. I suppose a newly engaged person is hardly responsible for his actions. Love's a form of madness, isn't it, like another? That girl in red has just gone out to lunch. Take her stool, and come and sit down and tell me all about your sweetheart. (*He fetches a stool, smiling to himself, and sits beside her.*) Is she fair or dark?

HE. Fair or dark? Oh!—rather fair, I should say; not exactly dark—between, you know.

SHE. And her eyes?

HE (*briskly*). Oh, her eyes? Her eyes are lovely.

SHE. Grey?

HE. Yes, grey, the most delightful tint. She's a charming girl.

SHE (*suddenly*). What's her name?

HE. Her name? Oh! her name is—is—Smith.

SHE. And her Christian name?

HE. Why, it's like the Catechism! Her Christian name is Mary. But don't let us talk any more about her. I haven't seen you for such a long time, and—?

SHE. And it's a sacred subject, isn't it?

HE. Yes, that's what I mean. You always understand everything. (*A long pause.*) Beastly weather, isn't it?

SHE. Yes, it seems rather detestable when you are in London; but we found it pleasant enough last year down in Hampshire.

HE. Yes; do you remember how we used to go skating, and what jolly evenings we had, and how we used to dance in the hall? What a splendid floor that was! And do you remember Christmas Eve?

SHE. Perfectly; I have an excellent memory.

HE (*bitterly*). Have you? Then perhaps you remember the eleventh of February, too? We parted then, you recollect. We were engaged exactly seven weeks.

SHE (*hurriedly*). We had better not talk about that. Besides, after all, you have consoled yourself, haven't you?

HE. Oh, Eleanor, don't! I was a fool. I threw away all the

happiness in the world for a trifle that seems only fit to laugh at now. Oh, my darling, forgive me and take me back?

SHE. But what about the Smith girl?

HE (*startled*). The what?

SHE. The girl you are engaged to—Miss Mary Smith?

HE. Oh, ah, yes! I had forgotten that. I will get her to throw me over. She doesn't really care for me. She's no real obstacle. Oh, my sweetheart, how could I ever let you go—and all about that stupid young Trimmer?

SHE (*coldly*). My memory is better than yours. It was about the Spindler girl.

HE. Oh, never mind what it was about. Forgive me and take me back. It was all my fault.

SHE (*slowly and with dignity*). Take you back while you are engaged to another woman? Make you break your plighted faith? Tempt you to be dishonourable, and then marry a man I could only despise? No, Mr. Gerard, you must keep your engagement this time.

HE. I won't. I'll break it to-morrow, whether you will have me or not!

SHE. I shall always feel to you as a sister. I shall always think of you as a dear brother. But, besides Mary Smith, there's another great reason which makes it impossible for me to regard you in any other light. I too have consoled myself, and my wedding-day is fixed for the eleventh of February.

HE. Oh, Eleanor, the very day we parted!

SHE (*cheerfully*). That's why. I didn't want it always to be a black-letter day. It will be a silver-letter day for me now, won't it?

HE (*angrily*). Well, good-bye, then.

SHE. Good-bye.

HE (*takes a few steps and then turns*). Before I go, Miss Vincent, I should like to tell you one thing. My memory is better than yours, after all. I only told you I was engaged because I wanted to make you jealous—idiot that I was! You are the only woman in the world. There is no engagement. There is no Mary Smith. (*She looks up at him and laughs.*) I have never loved anyone but you. I am not engaged.

SHE. No, of course. I knew that. No more am I. I act better than you though, don't I?

HE (*bewildered*). Then the eleventh of February—?

SHE (*impatiently*). There is no eleventh of February, unless—

HE. Oh, Eleanor, will you, after all?

SHE. Jack, don't be absurd! That red girl has come back, and she is looking at us.

(Curtain.)

E. NESBIT.

Mr. Alfred L. Jones, J.P., of Liverpool, and President of the Grand Canary, Teneriffe, and Sierra Leone Coaling Companies, has been the recipient of a presentation from the officials of these companies, in commemoration of his fiftieth birthday, and in appreciation of his enterprise in connection with these concerns. The gift takes the form



of a massive silver bowl in the Grecian style of art, the body of which is surmounted by a bas-relief of the Elgin Marbles, reproduced, by permission, from the collection in the British Museum. This unique souvenir, which stands on an ebony pedestal and is enclosed in a polished oak cabinet, has been executed by Messrs. Elkington and Co. Limited, of Liverpool.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Sept. 21, 1895.

The fact that, according to Jewish cosmogony, the world has entered on its 5656th year, is not of as much interest to the "Parthians and Medes and Elamites and dwellers in Mesopotamia" frequenting this Court and the adjacent thoroughfares, as the fact that Tishri 1, the first day of the Hebrew new year, and the following day, are holidays greatly to be observed by the chosen people of the Lord, and that, consequently, their excellent support was compulsorily withdrawn from the market just at a time when many a Gentile was beginning to think anxiously of next week's settlement.

As a whole, the Stock Exchange has been dullish this week, and stocks always get weaker with inactivity, but, considering all things, we think the way prices have kept up is wonderful. In Home Rails the Scotch stocks have been adversely affected—and no wonder—by the prospects of a big strike on the Clyde. Yankees have been heavily "hammered" by Wall Street operators, and the usual currency scare has been worked for all it is worth. Nevertheless, we must repeat our advice of last week, that this is now the market, and practically the only market, for bargains, but there is no time to be lost. Even now the account is said to be oversold, and those who want to "get in on the ground floor" must buy soon.

South Americans, and especially Argentine Rails, have had a "set-back" from a sudden and rather high jump in that most inexplicable "varmint," the Exchange; but the country is growing rich, and rumours are rife of a general settlement with all creditors, national and provincial, so the probability is that we shall see higher prices all round. The latest "tip" is to buy Entre Rios bonds. They are now at about 29, and are expected to go to 35, while optimists prophesy that they will go to 50 if the anticipated settlement is not blocked by a "Council of Foreign Bondholders" committee, which is so anxious to get an extra piece of pie for its own particular *protégés* that it is risking (say candid friends) the whole dinner.

The Mining market has, of course, suffered from the Jewish holidays. The favourite stocks have been well supported, but there has been less indiscriminate buying, and new issues of the rubbish type are left to the underwriters, but good things are still taken readily enough. "Menzie's Golden Age," to which we referred last week, was covered nearly seven times over.

We are obliged to you for sending us the imitation type-written circular addressed to your friend, the aged country clergyman, by "L. M. Beech, Managing Director" of the *Central Stock Exchange, Limited*, intimating that "the Central Stock Exchange, Limited, never does business in 'Pools,' 'special operations,' or other methods of a similar nature generally adopted with the view of inducing strangers to the Stock Exchange to venture on speculations, and our (*sic*) advice . . . has always been that correspondents should have nothing to do with any operation when the stock dealt in is not known beforehand, or when the entire process of opening, selection of security, and closing is not in their own control." After this beautiful though slightly ungrammatical exordium, the circular offers the aged clergyman a "C. S. E. operation," of which one of the conditions is as follows—

The company have the sole control of the operation, and shall not be required to disclose the name of the security selected until it is thought expedient to do so, and the subscriber agrees to accept any stock that may be sold to him.

The excuse is that the operation is conducted in good faith by an "experienced company for the benefit of regular customers and personal acquaintances."

Without going into the question of how an impersonal corporate body can have personal acquaintances, we agree with you that this aged clergyman was certainly neither a regular customer nor a personal acquaintance of this "experienced company." We knew him intimately for forty years, and to our certain knowledge he never either gambled on the Stock Exchange, nor made the acquaintance of Miss, or Mrs., Lizzie Matilda Beech, besides which *he died long before this circular was issued.*

Perhaps, however, you, or some of the relatives of the deceased clergyman, may like to know a little more about this "experienced company." Its experience—and existence—began in November of the year before last, and, according to its last Government return, it consists of seven individuals, all of whom are ladies. Of the modest (issued) capital of £2000, £1994 belongs to the "managing director," Lizzie Matilda Beech. The other shareholders in this "experienced company" each possess therein the large stake of one sovereign. The address of one of them is the residence of a City and suburban solicitor, whose surname is the same as her own. Another of the original signatories of the memorandum of association and the witness of the same document have both the same surname and the same address. It is all so interesting—from the point of view of the "higher education of women"—that we should like some further information about the *Central Stock Exchange, Limited*, in case any of your friends can supply us therewith.

Spiers and Pond, Limited, notify that the share transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th inst., both inclusive, for the purpose of preparing dividend warrants for the first instalment of 4s. per share (less income tax) on account of the dividend for the year ending March 31, 1896, which will be posted to the shareholders on Oct. 1 next.—We are,

dear Sir, yours faithfully,

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

S. Simon, Esq.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

SOUTH AFRICAN TERRITORIES, LIMITED, with a share-capital of £500,000, offers, at par, £75,000 of 6 per cent. first mortgage debentures, which can be exchanged for shares in the probable event of the company becoming a second "Chartered." There is also no doubt that debenture-holders will be given the first opportunity of subscribing for the issues which will be made from time to time for the purpose of developing the splendid territory, amounting to about thirty-eight million acres, entrusted to the company by the confidence of the Imperial German Government.

THE GLASGOW MURCHISON GOLD-MINES DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, LIMITED, with a capital of £50,000, offers a portion thereof at a premium of 5 per cent. It appears to be a relief-company for the "Coolgardie (Glasgow) Gold-mine Syndicate, Limited," and we think the shares had better be left to the Glasgow people.

GRAY'S GOLDEN CROWN, LIMITED, with a capital of £100,000, proposes to spend £75,000 of it on a lease of twelve acres at White Feather, Western Australia, and, in spite of an old report by Professor Nicholas and some subsequent very perfunctory reports, we cannot advise our readers to invest in this company. There appear to be plenty of promoters, as there are contracts with the "Explorers Syndicate, Limited," the "Throgmorton Syndicate, Limited," and the "Explorers Finance Company, Limited." We expect they will all want a share in the "boodle."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. C.—It is, to a large extent, a worked-out mine, but it is generally thought that the shares may reasonably be expected to go better if a supposed new reef discovered on the property develops as well as is expected.

J. R. O.—(1 and 4) We do not much like them; one has risen 3d. and the other 6d. since the 14th ult., and some think they will go better, but there is very little evidence of value as yet. (2) Are very dear now, but these and No. 3 are expected by some to go better if the present "boom" keeps up. (3) There is a liability of 2s. on these shares.

R. W.—The Balmoral Main Reef Gold-mining Company's London Agents are the Johannesburg Consolidated Company, Limited, 7, Lothbury, London, E.C., and they will, no doubt, give you full information as to the reconstruction scheme, which we understand was carried into effect last March, and was practically on the terms of the circular issued to the shareholders on Oct. 27, 1894, a copy of which you, no doubt, received. The shares are quoted at about 3½.

H. L.—The shares to which you refer would constitute a complete "lock-up," and, as the way the business is conducted is manifestly a thing that outsiders are not allowed to investigate, we should hardly like to advise you to have anything to do with the shares.

SLOW PROVINCIAL.—We fear the paper to which you refer is by no means above suspicion. It was the constant puffing in that paper of the company whose shares you bought at 10s. which made us suspicious that something was amiss with it. We strongly advise you to have nothing to do with the firm you mention, or with any other advertising "Bucket-shop."

TORRO.—(1) Too much puffed—we are suspicious of it. (2, 3, 4) Very dubious; there is a liability on No. 2. (5) At the price you gave for them, you can well afford to hold. (6) On the whole, we advise you to secure profits, though, of course, they may go even better. (7) No.

GRATIA.—(1) We do not recommend the purchase; we have not space here to give you full information, but we will write you fully by post, if you wish. (2) We think not.

NOVICE.—(A) We do not think much of them. (B) Certainly not; too much puffed. (C) Considered good in the market. (D) No, we have no faith in it; probably was paid for the insertion. "Burdett" is a good work of reference; so is the "Stock Exchange Year-Book" and, for Mines, "Skinner." For American Rails we have hitherto found "Poor's Manual" accurate and thorough, but we have not yet seen the 1895 edition.

M. A. B.—(1) Send us the prospectus on which you took the debentures, and all other papers, and we will see if anything can be done. (2) We do not think much of them. (3) A prospectus has been sent to you.

R. C. C.—We have received your letter of the 3rd inst., and regret the previous mistake about your address. We do not think much of any of the investments mentioned in your letter, though the first may be improved by a scheme which is on foot for consolidating all the indebtedness of the Argentine National and Provincial Governments. These bonds were quoted at 53 last year, and 60 about six months ago. They have now risen to 64, and the question is whether at that price they are not dear enough. Nitrate Railway prefs. ought to be fairly good (though there are £2,000,000 of bonds before them) in spite of the threatened competition; but the whole nitrate industry is in such a dubious condition that both these and the other nitrate security you mention must be considered speculative. The debentures mentioned in your postscript have practically little security except "goodwill," and we fail to see that they are much better than ordinary preference shares.

AMBITIOUS.—The subject on which you ask our advice is not within the scope of our business knowledge. Send your inquiry to any Scotch legal paper.

M. L.—(1) Do not touch it. (2) We cannot recommend Roake's Roodeport, Limited. The price given for the property is enormous, and its value seems to us very problematical. (3) Rhodesian Claims, Limited, is thought well of in the market.

E. E. T.—(1) We have quite recently purchased for ourselves "Burbank" shares at the same price that you paid. We did so on a favourable private cablegram. (2) We do not much like them, but repeat your inquiry in a fortnight's time. (3) If the "boom" lasts this concern will make money. You might speculate in a few.

S. A. S.—The large groups of companies of which this is an example are formed to exploit the supposed gold-fields of "Rhodesia," and, as they are from five to eight hundred miles from any railway, it will probably be a long time before any considerable quantity of gold can be extracted from the Matabeleland and Mashonaland gold-mines—even if they exist. In the meantime, the companies are by no means idle. By going in for company-promoting themselves—selling off chunks of real or supposed reefs, &c.—they are systematically working, at no little profit, the extensive and thoroughly "proved" gold deposits of Threadneedle Street.

ZULU.—(1) We have rather a suspicion of this mine at the present price of about 2; it is so persistently "puffed" by one of the Sunday papers. (2) We cannot find that it has ever paid a dividend. (3) We do not hear that any dividend is expected soon.

L. S. D.—Your letter received too late to answer this week. We will answer it fully next week.